Australian
# PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
MAY 1992

## BLACK LABEL
EDITION

**High Tide**
Why it's plain sailing for drug smugglers

**Red-hot blues**
Confessions of a sex-shop salesman

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# Stella Artois. About as sophisticated as a beer can get.

Australian
# PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine / Vol 13 No 5 / May 1992 Black Label Edition

Cover by Bambi

*Recommended price only


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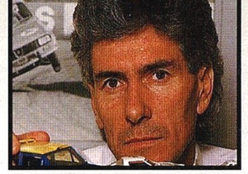
High Tide

A Hard Day's Night

Falcon GT Anniversary

Jimmy Barnes

MARK ABERNETHY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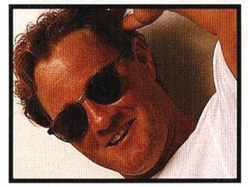
GLENN A. BAKER


JEFF HOWDEN

# housecall

**HIGH TIDE**
Australia's vast coastline with its variety of reefs, natural harbors and secluded anchorages is well known as a yachtsman's paradise. It is also considered by some major international drug smugglers as a dream come true, an underpopulated continent dotted with easy offloading ports and, according to some, easily bought officials. But when Ed, a casual sailor, was offered what he thought was the adventure of a lifetime and an easy paycheck, he travelled the drug route and stumbled into a nightmare. He told his story to **Peter Cage** and it starts on page 26. **Jeff Howden** took the photograph.

**FALCON GT ANNIVERSARY**
Twenty-five years ago the Ford Motor Company decided to launch a Falcon Grand Tourer with the forerunner of the Bathurst 500 in mind. It would be a high-performance vehicle in one color only, powered by a no-nonsense V8 engine. It was the start of an era in Australian motoring that culminated in the development of the fastest four-door production car in the world, the Falcon XY GTHO. **Joseph Allbuery** tells the story of the heyday of real motoring muscle on page 34.

**JIMMY BARNES AND THE SOUL REVIVAL**
Working on the seriously flawed theory that white Australians wouldn't be interested in black music, some uptight disc jockeys made sure we missed out on the great black soul music scene of the Seventies. Jimmy Barnes didn't miss it, though — there have been hints and shadows of soul right through his work. Now he's even converted John Farnham to the cause. Turn to page 48 for **Glenn A. Baker's** account of the soul phenomenon.

**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**
What adds up to a hot night out in Australia? In the first of a new series on nightlife around the nation, we head out for a Friday-night rage on the Gold Coast. **Mark Abernethy** tagged along with a locally renowned party animal and discovered that in the Tourism Capital of Australia, a big night out with the boys means bars, nightclubs and booze. Turn to page 66.

**7UP**
Mazda has skipped the market research with its new RX-7, and simply made a car they like. The result is a lean, mean little screamer, a quintessential sports car for the purists. Will Mazda's gamble pay off? Starting on page 80, Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** takes a look at what this car can do.

**RED-HOT BLUES**
Working in a city sex shop, you get to see all sorts of people — the big talkers, the weirdos, the drop-outs, hang-arounds and thieves. And a steady stream of ordinary folk in search of extraordinary merchandise. Turn to page 11 to get a view of the sex-shop trade from the other side of the counter.

MAY

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Phil Abraham

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# feedback

**Bob's job**

I am replying to the article entitled "Surviving Unemployment" by Dr Bob Montgomery in the January '92 edition of *Penthouse*. Has the author ever been unemployed? I don't think so.

I, like ten percent of Victoria, have been unemployed for a year. And it doesn't matter how many people give you advice on how to be positive and how not to worry, it simply doesn't improve the situation.

I don't understand how someone, who probably earns more in week than I do in a month, can give useful advice to unemployed people. What advice does he give about going to an interview with the CES and virtually being told that you are total scum? What should I do if, after six months out of work, I go to the CES, apply for a position and am told I have to be out of work for 12 months to get that position? And, Dr Bob, what should I do about spending my waking hours running around like a decapitated chook only to find every position I approach is filled? These are just a few of the realities good ol' Dr Bob failed to advise me about. Perhaps these are realities he has never experienced.

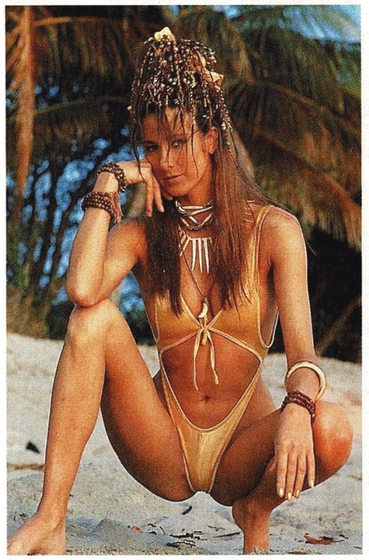
Apart from this, keep up the good work. — *Liza G, Keysborough, Vic*

**Apple Isle**

I have just enjoyed reading the December 1991 edition of *Australian Penthouse*. On page 16 the article "Travel Front" deserves a couple of corrections. Matt Eliason writes how small Tasmania is and goes on to note that it takes around 21 hours to cover 1130km. For a start, this is misleading, due to the proximity of towns with 60km/h limits, the narrow, winding, hilly roads and the changeable weather. I don't think it's possible to drive this distance in that time and observe the legal speed limit signs.

Matt also has Freycinet National Park on the wrong side of the island, only 260km out of position as the crow flies.

Tasmania has a great deal more to offer than a flashing glimpse of towns and passing scenery from a fast-moving car. It would take all of four weeks to do the island justice. Anyway, I enjoy reading the magazine and think it superior to your competitor. — *K Beuermann, East Devonport, Tas*



*Alexandra Mead . . . wild*

**Southern belle**

At last, a *Penthouse* Pet from South Australia. You'd think we had nothing but kangaroos around here, and that all the women of this fair continent lived in Queensland. Well, I say good on you for featuring the wild, sexy Alexandra in the February edition. She's great.

I also enjoyed Jean Norman's bit about blondes. My girlfriend's blonde and she laughed herself silly reading that. Usually she gets on my case about getting *Penthouse*, but I think she's coming around. Keep it coming, guys, we love it. — *Joe, Adelaide, SA*

**Celebrity skins**

I just thought I'd drop you a line to thank you for a fantastic magazine. In the two years I've been purchasing *Penthouse* it has never failed to please. The pictorials are stunning and your articles are of great interest and assistance. Your article "Suicide City" convinced my sexually frustrated son not to go to Patpong Road to sow his oats. I sincerely thank you for this as he takes notice of your mag and ignores his parents.

Before I go I would like to enlist your help in tracking down some naked pictures of the following celbrities: Shelley Long; Melanie Griffith; Jodie Foster; Beverly D'Angelo; Sarah Jessica Parker. Lots of my mates at the sheet metal factory would also appreciate pictorials of Jo Bailey from *Sale Of The Century* and Alyssa Jane Cook from *E-Street*.

The *Girls Of Penthouse* special with Julie Muherin was wild! Thank you again. — *Name and address withheld*

*We publish pictorials of women who have posed specifically for* Penthouse. *We don't distribute pics of naked movie stars, if in fact such pictures even exist. Sorry.* — Ed

**Local pets**

I am writing to comment on your Janurary issue. Firstly Cindy, your Pet Of The Month, was heavenly. Her pictures would have to be the best I have seen in a long time. Well done.

I was very surprised to see that some of the girls in the Pet Of The Year play-off are not Australian girls. It would be such a disgrace to our nation — and *Penthouse* — to have, say, a Kiwi with the coveted Australian title.

You're not "New Zealand Penthouse", so lets make an Australian girl Pet Of The Year — it's only fitting. Sue-Ellen, our Queensland girl, would fit the bill to a T. — *David E, Brisbane, Qld*

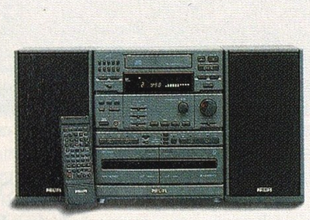
*The women represented in our Pet Of The Year competition are all living permanently in Australia and consider themselves Australians, so we reckon fair enough. We're not about to start discriminating against immigrants.* — Ed

**Hot hair**

Last weekend I purchased a copy of *The Girls of Penthouse Special Collector's Edition, Made in the USA, American Women No 2*. Having seen the photograph on page 28 taken by Stephen Hicks of the "Rain Lover" I can only say that I am utterly devastated. That picture would have to rate as the most erotic thing I have seen in my 27 years. Before I saw that photo I never wanted to make love to anyone's hair. I don't think there is a person with more beautiful hair alive on this Earth. — *Michael W, Christchurch, NZ*



IT'S NOT HOW BIG IT IS, IT'S WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT THAT COUNTS.



The new Philips Mini Hi Fi is packed with the most sophisticated electronics, yet it stands just 30 cm high. Features include an amazingly powerful 800 w PMPO (40 w RMS per channel) amplifier, a 16 bit digital filtering CD, tuner and auto reverse double cassette. Add to this 3 way speakers and a 49 key full remote control and you've got the biggest mini Hi Fi around. Available from your nearest Philips retailer.

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TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

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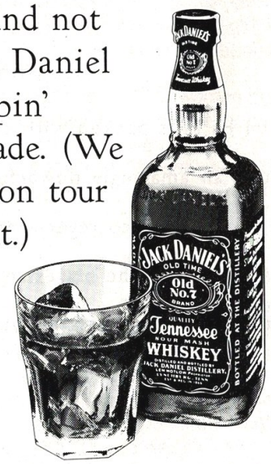
If you'd like to know more about Lynchburg, drop us a line.

MR HUBERT SIMS' APPLES are only one good reason to visit Lynchburg, Tennessee, in the fall of the year.

You'll find Mr Sims (along with his wife) up on the courthouse square. And not far away you'll find the Jack Daniel Distillery, where smooth-sippin' Tennessee Whiskey is still made. (We have a man who carries you on tour and shows you how we make it.)

If you come about now, you're sure to leave with some good apples. But whenever you come, we believe you'll take home a good time.




JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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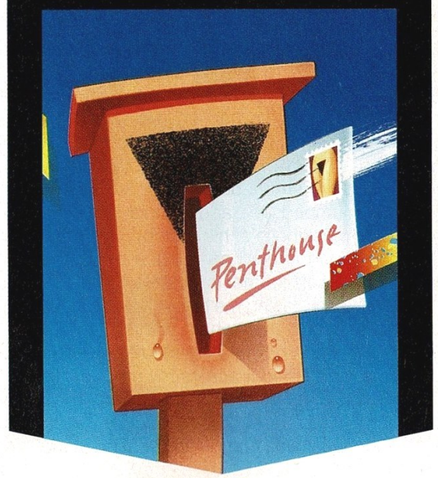


# forum

**Lift off**

I write this letter in the hope that the person featured in it will read it. All I'll say is that it happened in an elevator in Sydney's city — you'll know which building if you were there.

There were two people in the lift when I entered — an elderly woman and her adolescent son. I tucked into the corner and fixed my eyes on the ceiling. Our silent descent was broken at the 22nd floor. The doors slid open to reveal a stunning-looking girl of about 20. Her radiant blonde hair was tucked up into a bun exposing a long slender neck. The short backless dress she wore accentuated her fine shoulders and perfect posture. After she had entered the lift, silence overtook our little cocoon. I let my eyes wander along her neck, down her soft back and over the curves of her shapely arse. The elderly woman flashed me a look of disdain. My eyes returned to the ceiling.

The lift started its downward journey, only to be stopped at the next floor. Six drunk suits entered the lift. As they crammed into the tiny space, the girl had no option but to push herself up against me. I inhaled her delectable smell. Her arse rested gently against my crotch and her bare, luscious shoulders were only inches from my mouth. The volume of people prevented the doors from closing properly. The two suits at the front joked and laughed as the doors attempted to close. Finally, one of them turned around and slurred: "Everybody move down the back of bus."

The blonde girl turned, held my stare for a second then gave me an apologetic smile. She leant back and placed her full weight against my body. Her arse cheeks rested firmly over my cock. My heart leapt when my hand accidentally touched her exposed thigh. She didn't move. This, combined with her smell and the nakedness of her back, caused my cock to become super-rigid. It must of been painfully obvious to her, but she still didn't move. In fact, as the lift started to descend, I swore she actually pushed back even more. So I let my hand brush her thigh. I felt her ever-so-slowly grind her arse against my straining cock.

In front of us the suits talked while the women and boy stared at the floor indicator. I traced my hand up the back of her leg and, gently lifting the hem of her skirt, ran my hand over her firm arse. She just kept looking ahead, although I could see by the heaving of her breasts she was excited. Her hand dropped back and I felt her run her fingernail down the side of my cock. All this was happening inches from other people.

The elevator stopped at the third floor and another suit attempted to get in. All the commotion gave me the opportunity to slip my hand up her silken inner-thighs until I touched her panties. I could feel her warmth and wetness through the satin texture of her panties. Bravely, I started to ease my finger beneath her panties. She coughed lightly and fidgeted. I froze. Then I realised she was simply opening her legs so I could get better access to her pussy. I gently slipped two fingers under the elastic of her panties and into her very wet, very hot pussy. Hell, I didn't even know this woman's name and here I was fingering her in a lift full of people. My cock was straining to get out. Suddenly the lift arrived at the ground floor and everyone, except the girl and myself, alighted.

She pressed the button for the basement and when the doors had slid shut she slammed the emergency button. The lift shuddered to a halt. Without a word, she lay down on the floor of the lift, opened her legs wide and pulled her panties to one side, exposing her beautiful sex to me. Her wetness caused the lips of her pussy to glisten. I fumbled to release my cock from my pants. She propped herself on one elbow and said: "Hurry up and fuck me." I didn't need the extra encouragement. With my very stiff cock in my hand, I kneeled between her legs. "For God's sake, put that cock inside me, now!" She demanded. I rested the head of my cock against the lips of her glistening cunt. She gripped the base of my cock with one hand and opened her pussy with the other, then raised her hips and impaled herself on my cock.

As I slid in and out of her she kept repeating: "Fuck me, just fuck me. Fuck me, just fuck me." Perhaps it was the warmth of her incredible pussy, the urgency of the situation, or the look of contentment on her face as she was fucked by a total stranger, but about a minute later I started to come inside her. I shut my eyes and I felt my world slip away. My body became a boneless, muscle-less, heaving and bucking mass. Every fibre coordinated with the pumping of my cock. As I started to buck, she ground her pussy against my cock and joined me in an orgasm.

We collapsed on the floor for no more then five seconds, then both got up and dressed. She put her panties in her bag and I put my still-erect, dripping wet cock in my pants.

When the elevator arrived at the basement we parted company without a word. I chanced a glance over my shoulder and saw her meet a young man in a suit.

They kissed passionately and he escorted his just-unfaithful girlfriend to their car.

If you read this, you know where I work. Anytime you want, I'll take another ride. You were simply the best sex I have ever had. — *T.J, Sydney*

# forum

**Uniform precision**

I do love a man in uniform, and as a woman in the armed forces, I come into contact with lots of them. There's one man I work with, Rickie, who has me soaking wet at the very sight of him. Until recently I had only fantasised about making out with him, but finally I just had to let him know how I felt.

It really surprised me when he agreed to meet me outside my barracks after dinner. As we drove around the base for a while, all I could think of was how badly I wanted to kiss him. Finally we parked in a dark, quiet place where the MPs would never find us.

At first Rickie kissed me very softly, but soon the passion flared up. Before I knew it, my tongue was halfway down his throat. His hands were at the back of my head, pulling my body hard against his. He started to kiss my neck, which sent chills down my spine. I unhooked my black lace bra and he started to lick my small, firm breasts. Before long we each had to stop to catch our breath.

I took two of his fingers in my mouth and sucked them as though they were his penis. After he had removed his shirt, my tongue found that his nipples were already stiff. I licked and kissed my way over his smooth, bare chest up his neck to his ears. Rickie's breathing increased as my warm tongue nuzzled his ear. With my tongue in his ear, his fingers in my mouth, and my breast against his bare chest, he was just about ready to explode.

My free hand found the bulge in his shorts. All I wanted to do was wrap my lips around his hard, throbbing rod. I couldn't wait for him to get his clothes off, so I started sucking him through the thin sports shorts he had on. He raised his hips toward my face so I could swallow more of his cock, so I took the opportunity to pull the shorts down to his knees. His cock jumped free and I could smell the male muskiness of his crotch.

I began gliding my tongue along the soft flesh of his inner thighs. He spread his legs wider, giving me better access to his balls. I knew then what I wanted to do. I pulled each ball into my mouth, one at a time, and rolled it across my tongue. His moaning made me aware of my own increasing desire. My military-issue underwear was completely soaked at the crotch.

I could tell he wanted to come. His hands were tangled in my hair as he urged my mouth further down his pulsating penis to take his approaching jism river. My tongue darted into his large, dripping eye as my lips closed over the head, then raced over his beautifully stiff member with wild anticipation. I couldn't wait to have him bucking and coming down my slick throat. After a few seconds, he had to pull himself free from my ravenous mouth to keep from coming too soon — which only made me really lose it.

I wrapped my hands under his arse and pulled his cock back down my throat. I could feel him start to shudder, and his moaning increased in tempo as his cock muscles rhythmically contracted and relaxed. The force of his sweet, hot come surprised me as it splattered against the back of my throat. I sucked down every last drop in a frenzy. Rickie was still shaking slightly when he pulled me up beside him and gently kissed my face and hands. I knew this was just the beginning of a very wonderful relationship. — *Name and address withheld*

**Love letter**

We are at a warm, sunny, secluded beach somewhere in North Queensland. It's five in the afternoon and the beach is deserted. We have had a full day of tanning, swimming and playing. We are warm and sunburned, with the breeze gently stirring across our prone bodies. I awake, untangle my hair from your arms, then run and dive into the cool aquamarine ocean. Refreshed, I run up to the blanket and stand over your body, dripping seawater on you. You open your eyes, taking in my tanned, athletic legs as rivulets of water trickle down them.

I lower myself to a kneeling position with one leg on either side of your hips and start massaging your arms, and stomach, greasing you up with suntan oil. I feel your hard penis pressing against my thigh and begin to apply the lotion more diligently. I can feel the tingle in my groin, the wetness beginning. Our bodies are so hot and the sun still so scalding that the slight breeze does not cool us down.

I reach behind me and take off my bikini top. Rubbing my erect nipples against your chest, I rotate my hips and grind my pussy against your long, wonderful penis. The sun beats down on my back as I slide up and lower a breast to your lips. You play with my nipple, circling your tongue around it. You slide your hand into my bikini bottom and separate my lips with your finger. I am so wet — your finger slides right in. Then you push in another. I groan and manage to moan: "I can't take it — let's go to the cabana."

"No," you say. Instead, you slide off my bikini bottom. In broad daylight I lower myself on to your face. You separate my lips with your tongue and lick, flicking my clit for what seems like hours. I move my hips faster and faster until my body shudders in an overpowering orgasm.

When I have recovered, I turn around and slide your shorts down. Your long, hard penis springs out. You roll me over on my back and I spread my legs wider.

*Continued on page 120*



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**However, to be valid each entry must be accompanied by the completed form below, or a photostat.**
**Judging will be done by the editors of *Australian Penthouse*.**
**Closing date for entries is Friday, May 29, 1992.**

The entrant's signature assigns to *Australian Penthouse* all rights to the submitted work.
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**By my signature below I signify that I have read and that I understand and agree to the above rules under which I am submitting the attached letter to *Australian Penthouse* Forum Letter Contest.**
**Name**.....
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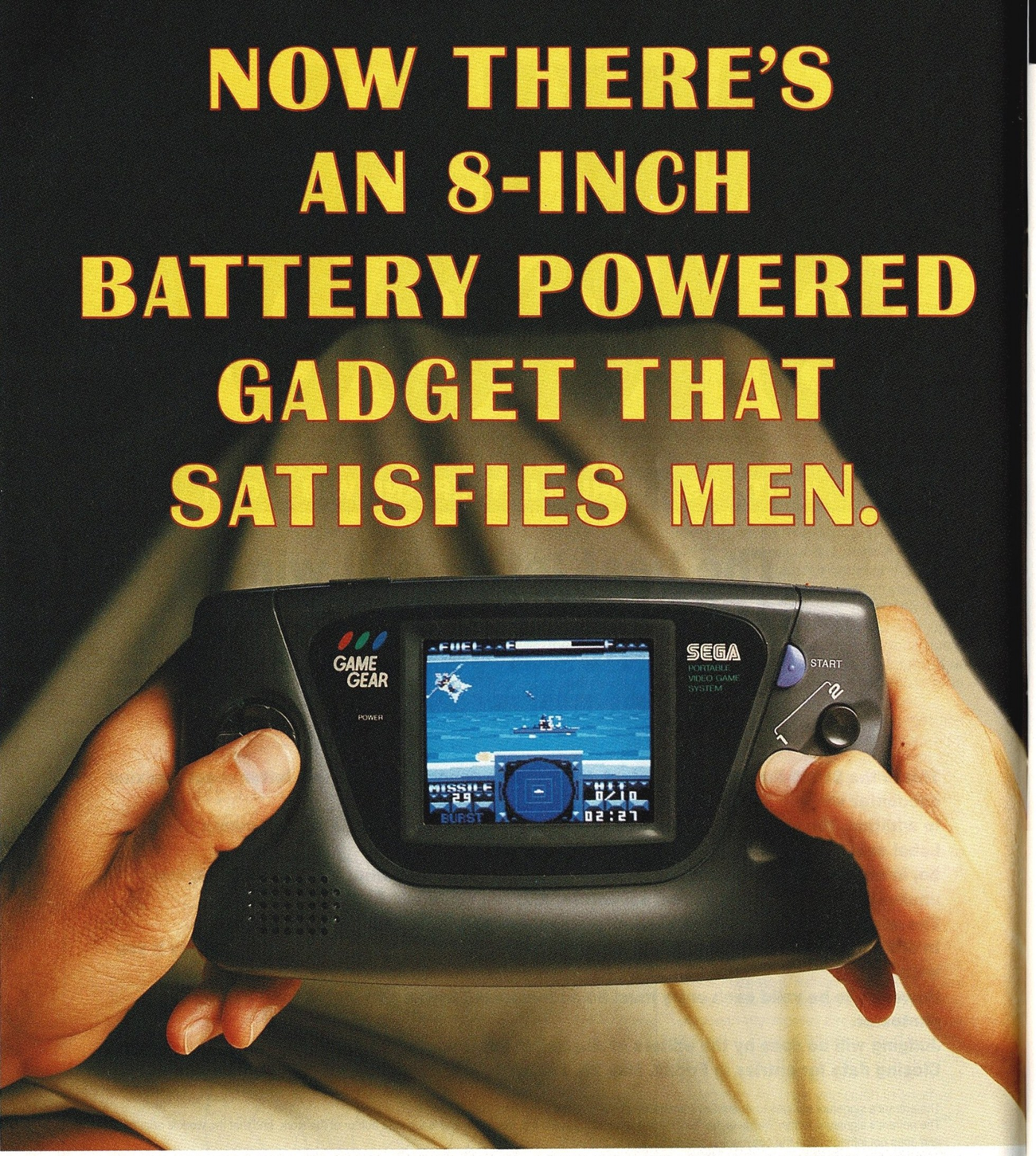
NOW THERE'S AN 8-INCH BATTERY POWERED GADGET THAT SATISFIES MEN.




Sega's new portable video game system is the ideal personal companion. With a backlit screen, full colour graphics, stereo sound and a huge range of game cartridges, Game Gear puts quality entertainment at your fingertips. Or anywhere else, for that matter, since Game Gear's compact, lightweight design makes it totally portable.

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HPB 3



## RED-HOT BLUES

### Confessions of a sex shop salesman

The old man shuffled into the shop and made straight for the gay section, or "Pooh Corner" as we affectionately call it. Standing staring at the covers of the books, he looked as though he was about to keel over and die. Instead, he farted once — long, loud, repulsively — and proceeded to piss in his pants.

"Sorry," he said, "I'm a bit wet."

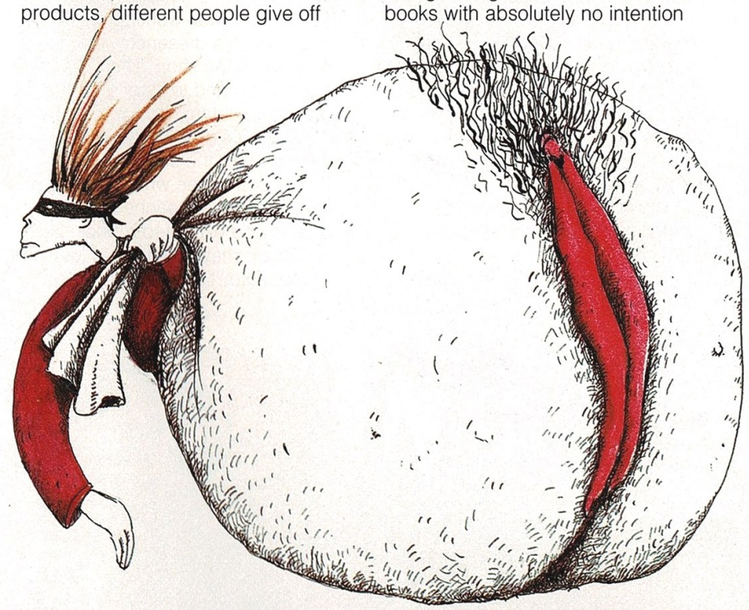
We told him to leave, but he returned the next day, like the proverbial bad smell, and repeated the performance.

I've been working at a sex shop for six years now, and I'd like to think I've seen it all, but I know I haven't — not by a long shot. Everyone who enters an adult book shop has a specific idea in mind, be it to purchase a sex aid, a book, or a studded leather bikini with matching whip; either that, or they come in solely to browse, and by that I mean to make fucking nuisances of themselves.

Upon entering, customers are carefully measured up by the staff. We are searching for a quality which becomes more and more apparent the longer they stay in the shop. That quality can only be described as "arseholeability."

**"They squabble among themselves like seagulls fighting over scraps. . ."**

First, let me point out that the shop I work in is not the type where shopping trolleys trundle down endless aisles overflowing with X-rated movies and exotic devices. It's just a small place, set well back off the main street, where normal people of all ages and from all levels of society come to purchase what I suppose could be called abnormal products. And, like the products, different people give off their own special "vibrations."



Males tend to become self-conscious and furtive, and will often resort to bluster to conceal their obvious embarrassment. They jingle keys, whistle, act like know-it-alls and ask the inevitable: "Jeez, mate, do you get many chicks in here?" Women, on the other hand view it all as a slightly bawdy joke. The most outrageous group I've ever encountered was a gaggle of nurses on a piss-up. They were hilarious and kept the staff entertained for a good half hour or more with their antics. But back to the subject of arseholeability.

Our motto is: "The customer is always right . . . sometimes." Browsers hold a lofty position among the most despised. In the front section of the shop are shelves of unsealed, second-hand soft-core magazines. From time to time, certain individuals will blow in off the street like candy wrappers, settle themselves down and begin sifting through the contents of the books with absolutely no intention of spending a red cent. These parasites tear pages, discourage genuine customers and squabble among themselves like seagulls fighting over a scrap of meat. They get three chances — three strikes and then they're barred for life. Nobody likes being taken advantage of. Many shops charge a browsing fee. We don't. We keep a sawn-off pool cue handy. I've never been called on to use it, but there were times I was sorely tempted.

Simply put, if you're intent on browsing, make it quick. The longer you stay, the bigger an arsehole you become. Those who regard a sex shop as an X-rated version of their local library are known among the staff as "mudguards" — a term

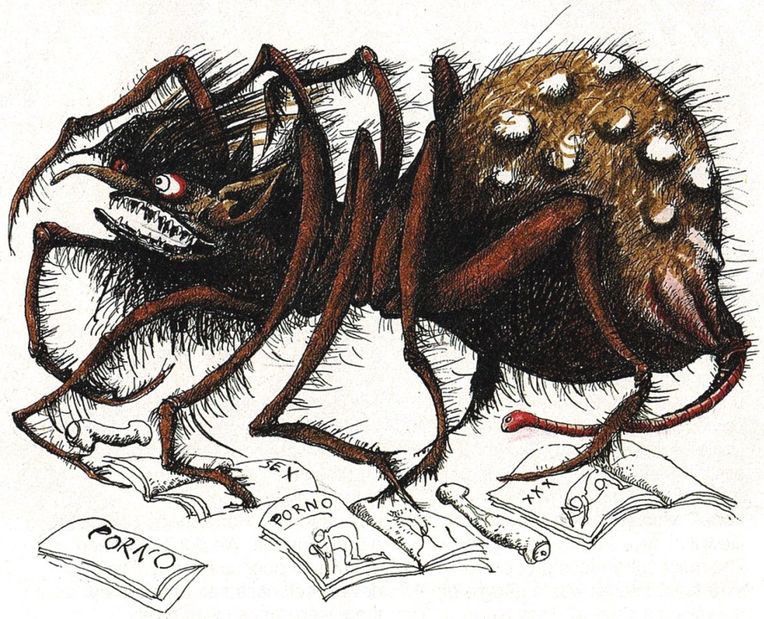
Illustrations by Drahos Zak

usually saved for those with balding crowns (shiny on top with shit underneath). However, we have expanded the term to include those who like a free read because most of them display varying degrees of baldness. Perhaps bald men find it difficult to pick up women? Why else would they spend half the day acting as human speed bumps to those in a hurry to get in and out of the door? One bloke even had the hide to ask for a chair!

The "Big Kahuna" owns the shop, and he's a funny guy. He's going bald, but he never has any trouble picking up women because he's loaded. Once some dickhead asked me what the penis enlargers did. "They enlarge your penis," I dutifully replied.

"Wouldn't help me then," he snickered. "I've got the biggest cock in town!"

"That must mean your missus




has got the biggest cunt," the Big Kahuna shot back instantly.

The big bloke in the heavy coat picked up the magazine, studied it for a second or two, then placed it roughly back on the shelf, causing a minor avalanche of books. He bent down to retrieve the books and for a moment the edge of the counter blocked my view of his hands and his lower extremities.

At first I was not overly suspicious, but when he did exactly the same thing a minute later, a small warning sign flashed somewhere inside my head. As he left, I saw the bulge underneath his coat.

"Hey!" I said, but he kept on walking. I pushed the button on the intercom; two short buzzes, alerting Jimmy, who was working out the back, that his presence was required in the shop. Then I vaulted the counter and took off after the big bloke, catching up with him at the entrance of an alley several metres down the street. I demanded to see what was under his coat, and he reached into its depths and extracted a book. Just one book: maybe we could levy an appropriate "fine" and let him go.

Then, like dragon's scales, another eight books tumbled out from under the coat on to the road and all hopes of a simple, gentlemanly solution to the problem disappeared.

Shaking visibly, the shoplifter picked up some books and placed them in a rusty shopping trolley at the entrance of the alley.

"Come on, mate," he begged. "Give me a break, will you?"

His pleas fell on deaf ears. I'd had no idea he'd grabbed so much

**"Like dragons' scales, books tumbled out from under his coat. . ."**

merchandise, and it was all the good stuff, too. He was no amateur. What's more, I wanted to have a good look inside the bag he was carrying. I told him to get back into the shop and that we were going to call the police. The words had hardly left my mouth when he abruptly swung around and bolted off down the alley, but in the heavy coat, and with the large plastic bag banging against his knees at every stride, he didn't have a hope in hell.

He stopped where the alley took a sharp right turn, measured me up and appeared to meekly accept his fate. You have to be wary though, of knives, needles, or a kick in the balls. Jimmy showed up just as I was twisting one of the big bloke's arms up behind his back. Jimmy grabbed the other arm and we started to drag him back towards the shop. That's when he decided to make his move, lashing out at Jimmy.

It was a major mistake. The shoplifter suddenly found himself flat on his guts in the gravel, with me on his back and an irate Jimmy doing a tap dance on his head. Later, after the police turned up, we checked the shopping bag and found another half-dozen books he'd knocked off from the shop down the road. Usually, we try not to waste the cops' time. If we can handle a problem ourselves, we will. But anyone who takes it into

*Continued on page 96*



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## POOR MAN'S POLO

### Who needs horses when you've got wheels?

Polo, the centuries-old game of kings and noblemen, has become a popular game in a country which prides itself on the God-given right that "all men are created equal."

Where else but in the US would polo, the game of millionaires, be accessible to carpenters and business executives alike? Only there, it's called "poor man's polo" and it's played with balls, mallets, helmets and sturdy mountain bikes instead of horses. The bicycle can cost anywhere from $600 to $3,000 — small in comparison to the $30,000 budget needed to buy and maintain a stable of horses.

Would England's Prince Charles have a hard time playing it? Only if he found it difficult to part with tradition. Bicycle polo, as it is referred to in the US, is a new game open to anyone who has a fat-tyred bicycle and enjoys a fast, non-contact sport.

"You're hitting the ball as hard as you can, riding as fast as you can," says Carl Kopf, 27, of Denver, Colorado. "The first time you play, you're hooked."

The game originated a few years ago in Baily, Colorado (population 150), when a husband and wife were playing slow-paced croquet with friends at a picnic. Trice Hufnagel jumped on her bicycle to try and hit the ball more quickly with her mallet. Impressed by his wife's ingenuity, Lou Gonzalez carved a few mallets by hand at home.

Today, there are players in Canada, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and England besides the 30 US leagues organised under the World Bicycle Polo Federation based in Colorado. Gonzalez is determined to make the sport as popular abroad as rollerblades and skateboarding have been in the US.

"There's a whole new world to conquer with bicycle polo," he quips.

Equestrian polo was being played by the Persians 25 centuries ago — in 500 BC. It spread to India, where it was picked up by the British during colonial occupation. Bicycle polo first made an appearance in England in 1890

and was a demonstration sport in the 1908 Olympics in London. It never caught on. The old version of the game, according to Gonzalez, was a high-collision sport using wooden polo balls that reached speeds of 120km/h.

After researching the origins of polo, Gonzalez and his wife decided over their kitchen table that their version of bike polo would be fun, non-contact and based on speed. The rules are numerous, including a "no whining" clause to avoid having to console sore losers.

Four bikers of both sexes are needed to play a match consisting of two ten- or 20-minute "chukkas" or periods. Using small plastic balls instead of wooden ones, a rider from each side charges the ball in a 54-metre field, which is about one-fifth the size used in conventional polo. Other players enter the field in staggered stages, but only two opposing riders are entitled to "joust" at any given time.

To avoid crashing into each other, players must maintain a one-metre right of way on each side of the bike. Teams are penalised when a player touches an opposing player by awarding the opposing team a free swat at the ball. Goals are scored about one a minute.

"This is a motion game more than anything else," says Gonzalez, a 37-year-old cabinetmaker. "It's not where the ball is now that's important, it's where the ball is going to be, so you have to look ahead. It's like chess on wheels."

"It's like driving a car," says 40-year-old Bob Stuckenschneider, a teacher and computer systems administrator. "You must also check oncoming traffic before turning, and you must look behind you before changing lanes."

Collisions are kept at a minimum because of the strict rules.

**"Rules include a 'no-whining' clause to avoid having to console sore losers. . ."**

After his first match, Evan Schaibly, 20, said the game "seemed kind of stifling because there are so many things you can't do. It's such an odd medium, but I can see that if they didn't stick to all these rules, the game would just fall to pieces, and we'd be out there banging around and not doing anything right."

If an accident does occur, smashed fingers are the most common injuries. However, other complaints are wrist pain from using the mallet too much, bicycle flips and being hit by the ball.

Gonzalez is proud that the game is neither sexist or limited by age. "A 60-year-old guy and a 14-year-old kid should be able to play at the same time," he says.

A Colorado husband-and-wife team prove him correct. Kelsie and Phyllis Miller, both 65, have no qualms about spending $140 on a bike-polo kit that carries four mallets and two plastic balls. "It's a fascinating sport," says Kelsie. — *J.G.Warren*

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**Mortgage games**

## The GIO home loan and the walking drunk

Every so often I come across a new wrinkle in the very much handled prune of credit. Oh, that looks good, sez I, and then, on closer scrutiny, it turns out to be the same prune.

For instance, the GIO of NSW — which is busy trying to be the GIO of Australia, and will be, you mark my words — has got this nifty little home mortgage product it bases on bank bills. They are selling it in NSW, WA, Victoria and Queensland and, at the time of writing, the bank bill rate was 8.45 percent. After adding the GIO's margin of 1.25 points, it yielded a home loan of 9.7 percent — at a time when banks were asking 12.5 percent.

A borrower could expect that, while interest rates fall over the next few years, the GIO loan will drop fairly regularly in advance of the banks' home loan rates. This should happen because the GIO rate responds directly to the bill rate and the bill rate is decided virtually every minute of the working day.

In a period of falling interest rates, such rapidly variable interest rates are of advantage to the borrower because he gets the reductions almost immediately. If it happens that the duration of the loan coincides with a period of secular deflation (fancy words for interest rates and prices decreasing over a long period) then the loan will end up, overall, being cheaper than ordinary bank or building society finance.

**You can take a gamble on variable rates — and win handsomely**

The opposite is true in times of rising interest rates. But, as we seem to have left the inflationary cycle, the smart money says that interest rates are coming down and will be staying down over the long haul (or, say, the next five or ten years). The smart money isn't always right, but it does tend to be. If it is — and I think it's more likely than a return to inflation (except for occasional momentary jumps) — then home buyers and others taking out loans would be mad to take out fixed-interest loans.

If rates are coming down, then obviously get a variable interest loan. Now, whether you want a GIO-style bill-based loan is another matter. It will depend not only on your perceptions of the future of interest rates but on your personal mathematics and whether you earn enough to qualify.

Mathematics comes into it because, like all these wrinkles, if you add the little bits and pieces they can often turn out to be just the same as the old wrinkles.

The GIO, for instance, charges $55 a month in administration fees. On a $100,000 loan that's the equivalent of 0.66 per cent which you must add to your interest rate. On a $50,000 loan it's the equivalent of 1.32 percent, which brings it closer to eating away at the cost advantage.

The GIO will also cover certain legal fees and stamp duties on the registration of the mortgage. This is about $2,000 on a $100,000 loan or $2,645 on a $200,000 loan. If you want out of the loan earlier than the ten-year limit you become liable to pay those fees to the tune of one percentage point per month for each month you bailed out.

As the average life of a home mortgage is only five or six years — because people sell-up and buy a bigger home or find cheaper finance — there is a good chance of incurring those additional fees. Yet, the loan could still be worthwhile.

We now know that, while interest rates may be falling, they tend to get where they're going in the same manner as a drunk gets where he is going, ie, it takes a few diversions, backward steps, falls and wobbles. In probability statistics there is the theory of drunken walks which explains why and how one can end up south of the starting point even though one is trying to get north.

Anyway, the theory of drunken walks suggests that, even if the long-term trend is down, the existence of short-term fluctuations within that trend allows for the possibility that a rapidly variable interest rate product could end up, overall, with a worse interest rate than a much less flexible product.

So, when considering a fancy variable-monthly interest loan, think of the drunk. Most of them get home but occasionally one does fall off the ferry. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Amanda Upton

**Crocodile rock**

## The wilderness has style in the Top End

At the northernmost extremity of the Top End, north of Arnheim Land, the East Alligator River and Van Diemen's Gulf, 250km north of Darwin, the Cobourg Peninsula is about as remote you can get. It's also pristine wilderness, and in July 1990 230,000 hectares of coastline and seabed were declared the Cobourg Peninsula National Marine Park.

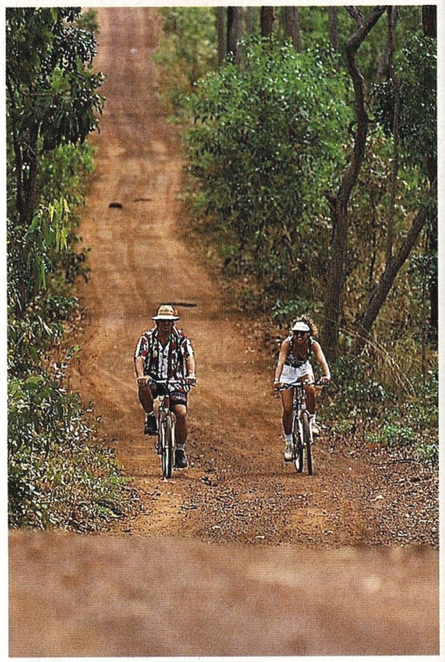
This is the haunt of large sea mammals like dugong, dolphins and whales; of turtles, sea snakes, manta rays, crocodiles and over 400 species of fish. It's a world of sandy beaches, tidal estuaries, mud flats and mangroves, rock and coral reefs. It's more or less the way it was when Matthew Flinders surveyed it in 1803.

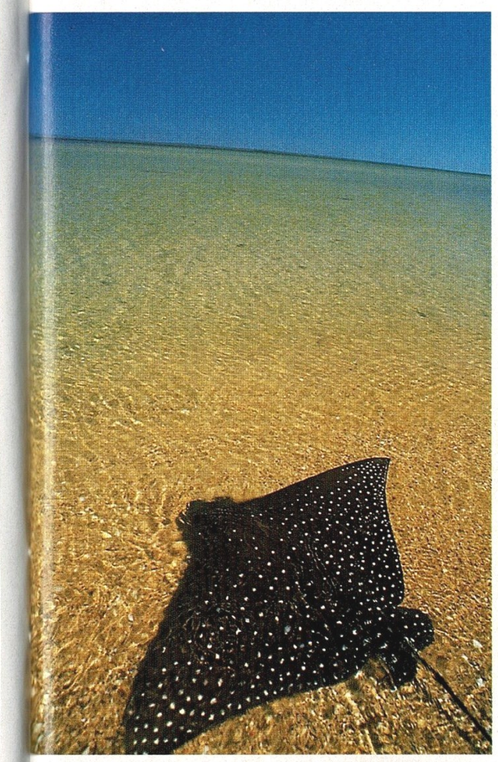
But there were people on the Cobourg long before the Europeans arrived to stay. Aboriginal hunter-gatherers were living there 20,000 years ago. In Aboriginal Dreamtime legend the Nayuyungi — the First People — shaped the continent. A female called Waramurungundji was the most important of the Nayuyungi, and she entered the Australian mainland from the sea at Cobourg.

Later, in the 17th century, Macassan fishermen from Sulawesi sailed annually to the Cobourg's north coast in search of sea slugs and to trade with the Aborigines for turtle shells, pearls and shells.

Three attempts at British colonisation followed Flinders' 1803 survey, but all failed. Finally a settlement was established at Melville Bay in 1824, which eventually put a stop to the Macassan fishing voyages.

Now the Cobourg is protected. Difficult access and a strict permit system aim to keep it that way. But for those who wish to visit it and experience its beauty — and who have healthy wallets — accommodation is available in a carefully planned "wilderness habitat" at Seven Spirit Bay. The





place takes its name from the Aboriginal interpretation of the seasons on the Cobourg. Far from simply being a Wet and a Dry, there are: Lightning, Thundering, Rainmaking, Greening, Windstorming, Fire-raging and Cloudless Blue.

The management of Seven Spirit Bay swears it's not a resort, but rather an "experience of wilderness." It's no less luxurious for that, though. The architecture of the place is a blend of Aboriginal, Macassan and far-north Australian. It is set unobtrusively in the forest. Large tinted windows in the lounge bar offer peaceful views of beaches, ocean and trees. Scattered around

**"You can tuck into grilled barramundi and wattle-seed pavlova. . ."**

a two-kilometre paved track are 24 hexagonal "habitats" which are sited for minimum exposure to people and maximum exposure to the environment. They are open on five of their six sides. Private bathrooms are partly open to the sky and include local flora.

A fully-stocked bar, conference room (with computer link, fax, ISD, etc) and gourmet catering ensure that this wilderness experience is backed by corporate comfort. And after fishing, exploring, bird-watching or just lazing about, you can tuck into grilled barramundi, locally grown vegetables, rare Aussie wine and wattle-seed pavlova, for example.

Different seasons suit different activities at Seven Spirit Bay. Fishing is best during October and November, or late March to May — the hottest months. Most fish caught are released, and only a few varieties of good table fish are kept.

Bushwalking and trekking are good from May to September, when the weather is drier and cooler. The breathtaking Top-End sunsets happen all year round, and are exciting during October and November when the evening electrical storms are at their peak. Most activities — filming wildlife, sailing, exploring or just relaxing — are suited to any time of the year.

The wilderness ain't cheap. A week at Seven Spirit Bay, including accommodation, meals, bar tab and all activities, costs $3000, with a minimum of three nights. You also need to get there: from Darwin it's a two-hour flight to Black Point, where you will be met and ferried across to Seven Spirit Bay. — *Joe Moss*

Photos by Wayne Miles

## TAPASTRY

### A Spanish tradition takes root in Oz

J.D. Pringle, the former editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, once noted that he liked to think of Australia as the only Anglo-Saxon country with Mediterranean qualities. That was back in 1958 when such a view was thought to be the last word in controversy. But for the past three decades we've been slowly edging our tastebuds through an evolution of spag bol to any style of pasta to the current explosion of Mediterranean fusion cuisine, tapas bars and even kosher Mediterranean in the case of Sydney's Dov restaurant. The reasons are easy to see: the new Med cooking delivers drama, taste, casualness and surprise.

Melbourne is the Australian city where tapastry has become a fine art and the place to hang out is Fitzroy. In Spain, the land of their birth, tapas are eaten in bars and bodegas with beer, wine, sparkling cava (the champagne-style wine of Catalonia), or sherry and may be anything from a single slice of chorizo sausage to a medium-sized casserole of stuffed squid to a potato pie with forks for everyone. Tapas bars in the Old Country can also be monomaniacal. Madrid's Museo del Jamon serves nothing but ham.

Melbourne's tapas bars all do without the grim photographs of gorier moments in bullfighting history that do much to dim your appetite in Spain's more macho equivalents but they do follow the tradition of raffishness and of consuming the food while standing. In Australia, tapas are always snacks and some aficionados are said to be developing the Spanish chromosome that delivers the ability to stand on your feet and eat for hours without any discomfort. Cafe Tapas (36 Johnston Street, Fritzroy) had lines at the door almost from day one. There's the late afternoon crowd who roll in for an after-work snack of fresh sardines or tortilla, the flat, oven-baked omelette, with a soothing drink to dull the thoughts of the day's labors.

Still in Fitzroy, Pincho's Flamenco Bar has moved into the old lemonade factory just off Johnston Street. The atmosphere is more serious here in terms of food consumption but chef Pepe Ximenez doesn't throw out exuberance as the price for his authentic Spanish cooking. A big emphasis on seafood doesn't go astray in the form of splendid grilled prawns served with homemade mayonnaise and a lively sauce of peppers, tomato and onion. The breaded calamari is light-years away from the tough-as-teething-rings offerings of the local RSL club.

The Level One Tapas Bar (Level 1, 123 Collins Street) is several rungs up the ladder from Fitzroy. You are greeted with service and style and the food is consistently good and often great. If you're really into a vision of old Seville, choose from the Spanish wine list. Pick anything from Rioja in the title.

**"The fight to the front bar needs a certain commitment. . ."**

Cha Cha's (20 Chapel St, Prahran) is the closest thing in Australia to the gleaming temples of design by Alfredo Arribas that pass for Barcelona's most chic tapas bars. The delicious crunchy sardines are properly sizzling, the fried potatoes with garlic mayonnaise are first rate, as is the authentic Spanish food in the restaurant out the back. But the fight to the front bar needs a certain amount of mental commitment.

Other tapas bars worth a *paso doble* round Australia are: Chulio's in Brisbane, Palmers Tapas Bar and Grill at Noosa, La Luna in Adelaide and Siscos in Hobart. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Amanda Upton

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FRONT

The 8mm video format continues to gather strength and owners of 8mm camcorders will be pleased to know a 100-minute tape is now available from TDK. This gives another ten minutes over the previous maximum length, while in long-play (LP) mode a total of three hours and 20 minutes' worth of material can be packed on to a cassette. In the interests of preserving tape strength, TDK has developed a new back-coating which reduces friction and drag to give extremely smooth running. The all-important magnetic formation — the bit which stores the signals — has been further refined to improve color reproduction and clarity. The new HSA-E100 8mm cassette sells for $17.95 from selected department stores and TDK dealers.

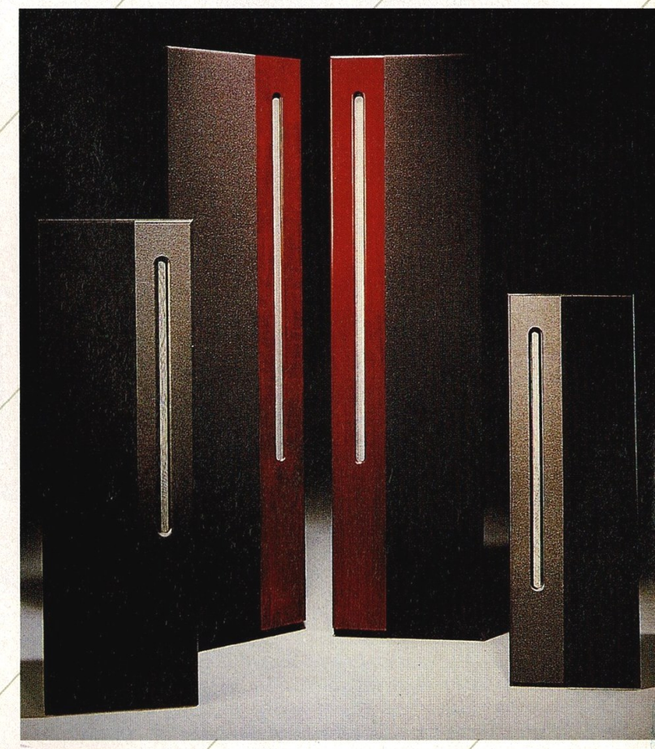
Budding recording engineers can twiddle knobs to their hearts' content with TEAC's new V-5000 cassette deck, a heavy-duty unit boasting more features than Abbey Road. A mid-mounted cassette transport gives the deck a stylish appearance, but the serious stuff is inside and includes four DC motors and a drive system optimised for maximum stability. The long list of goodies to excite the home recordist includes an automatic bias adjustment which even takes into account different tape brands, full synchronisation with TEAC CD players, Dolby B and C noise reduction with HX Pro headroom extension and full remote control. The price tag is a reasonably modest $895 from TEAC Australia.

Here 'tis. A *recordable* compact disc. This is the CD-W12 made by TDK and it's a WORM . . . that is, a write once, read many times disc designed for both digital audio recording and the storage of computer data. In the latter application it has a capacity of 600 megabytes . . . in information terms, that's the equivalent of about 2000 editions of this magazine. Up to 74 minutes of music can be accommodated. The recording system employs a laser beam which "writes" on to a dye film using heat to change the surface's color, and create a series of dots which translate into digital code. The CD itself isn't expensive, but the recorder . . . well, that's another story.

If you've ever wondered what dog food had to do with television, PAL is actually a reference to the broadcasting system used in this country. PAL is used elsewhere too, but the other major world systems are NTSC and SECM. All three are incompatible, which is why a number of companies are now introducing multi-standard TVs and VCRs. JVC has just introduced two televisions which will display all three systems and you can choose between a 34cm or 51cm screen size. Other features include on-screen displays, automatic tuning and full remote control. The top-of-the-range C-21TI automatically sets the picture quality according to the ambient light levels in the viewing room. Alternatively personalised settings can be memorised. This model is priced at $899 while the smaller set will leave you $599 poorer. From Hagemeyer (Australasia) B.V.

If you're at all serious about experimenting with a little . . . ahem, *boudoir* photography then you'll need light, and lots of it. From Profoto in Sweden — how appropriate — comes the compact but powerful Pro-Pact which packs a 300-joule punch and if you want to go for mood this can be varied over a full two stops. Syncrhonisation with the camera is via cable, but if you use two or more, a built-in slave cell ensures they all fire in unison. The Pro-Pact is a multi-voltage unit so it can be used anywhere in the world, while there's a full range of accessories for different lighting effects. A kit of three will set you back just under $4000 (ex. tax) from L&P Photographic Supplies.

Loudspeaker design is a mysterious mixture of science and sorcery, but every so often the white-coated boffins come up with something interesting. One example is the use of ribbons — suspended in a magnetic field — to generate sound waves rather than the traditional cone assembly. The main benefit is a more detailed and accurate sound — particularly the mid-range frequencies. American speaker builder Apogee mixes the ribbon driver with a traditional bass woofer to give the best of both worlds in terms of performance and power requirements. The new hybrid Apogees are the Centaur Minor which stand 100cm tall and the much larger (163cm) Centaur Majors. Both units can be driven by as little as 50 watts of power while delivering an exceptionally wide and flat frequency response. Available from Kedcorp P/L at $3995 and $9395 a pair respectively.



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The term "long-play" takes on new meaning with Clarion's CDC 9500 mulitple CD player for the car. Known as "CD autochanger", the CDC 9500 can be located in the boot of a car or, if space permits, under a seat. In either case, it's out of sight and hopefully out of mind. The unit can be controlled via a remote handpiece or directly linked to a Clarion front end. There's accommodation for six discs and the playback system includes dual 1-bit digital-to-analog converters with an eight-times oversampling digital filter. Translation; it sounds pretty good. Importantly, the disc transport is insulated against road shock and vibration to give uninterrupted listening. More details from Clarion Australia.

SIX APPEAL

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**Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.**

# Fear of flying

## Too much anxiety can drive you crazy

Nervous? Jittery? Too frightened to go out? Troubled by unreasonable fears of something, like speaking in public? Panic attacks? You are in a large boat. Anxiety is the most common mental health problem today. Thirty to 40 percent of the general population has sufficiently high anxiety levels to warrant professional help. For example, about 700,000 Australians suffer from general anxiety problems, while 500,000 suffer from agoraphobia.

More women than men complain of anxiety problems, although this might only reflect the greater willingness of women to admit they have emotional problems, or the fact that many men "treat" their anxiety with alcohol. Recent research has found a strong association between anxiety and drinking problems. In any case, there has been a trend to dismiss anxiety as just "nerves", a woman's complaint not requiring serious attention. But anxiety can be a very serious problem, interfering with your ability to lead and enjoy a normal life. We now know that anxiety is associated with suicide at least as much as depression is.

Anxiety is an unpleasant state, including: negative feelings (fearful, nervous, jittery, distressed, upset); expecting something unpleasant or threatening to happen, inside or outside yourself, but seeing this as unpredictable and beyond your control; and a shift in your attention away from the task at hand on to the expected threat and especially on to your anxious reactions. It is this shift in your attention that accounts for the drop in your performance caused by excessive anxiety and, by focusing on your anxious reactions, your anxiety feeds on itself.

Yet anxiety is normal and some anxiety can be helpful. Anxiety is a reflection of the fact that we humans can think.

Anxiety becomes a problem when it is intense or prolonged, when it prevents you from functioning normally and successfully, or when it triggers self-defeating behavior, such as panic attacks, phobias, obsessive-compulsive habits or drug-dependence.

General anxiety is sometimes called "free-floating anxiety" because it tends to permeate most of your life, rather than being focused on a particular part of it. You tend to feel anxious and tense all day, regardless of your situation or activity.

Panic and agoraphobia are related problems. A panic attack involves a sudden onset of intense fear, usually peaking within ten minutes, possibly including shortness of breath, choking, heart palpitations, chest pain, dizziness, sweating, feelings of unreality, flushes or chills and trembling. The most common fear during a panic attack is that you are going to die, although this is in fact very unlikely. As you can see, a panic attack is very unpleasant. This explains its link to agoraphobia, which is basically a fear of having a panic attack in a situation offering no support. So agoraphobics often restrict themselves to home or other "safe" places. Although panic problems are equally common for men and women, three times as many women as men complain of agoraphobia. However, this may only reflect the fact that some men manage the problem with alcohol and it's more culturally acceptable for women to stay at home.

A phobia is an intense fear of something, usually accompanied by anxiety about the possibility of confronting it, so that you tend to avoid it. It is this avoidance that makes an intense fear into a problem phobia if, for example, your phobia of snakes prevents you from going into your backyard.

A social phobia is not just extreme shyness but actually a fear of being judged negatively by others. So it shows up in situations where you feel your performance is being judged. The most common social phobia is public speaking, but it also accounts for exam nerves and the surprisingly common difficulty some men have using public urinals. It now looks as though erection problems can also be a result of social phobias.

Obsessions involve intrusive and repetitive thoughts, while compulsions involve repetitive behaviors, such as compulsive hand-washing. Often these are responses which could be useful, but which are applied inappropriately to reduce anxiety from other sources. Your hands are unlikely to be dirty immediately after you have washed them. The sufferer is usually intensely aware of how inappropriate the behavior has become and this only adds to his distress.

> "By focusing on your anxious reactions, your anxiety feeds on itself."

I strongly advise you against managing your anxiety with drugs, whether you buy them at the pub, over the counter or with a prescription. I have already mentioned the strong link between anxiety and alcohol problems. The unusual drugs prescribed for anxiety problems are the benzodiazepines. They have been found to be of limited, if any, help with anxiety, but quickly cause addiction. Then you have a drug-dependence problem as well as an anxiety problem.

A qualified clinical psychologist can help you live successfully with the normal anxiety in your life. He or she may teach you to think more realistically about your problems and your ability to deal with them, to relax, to confront your fears and break avoidance habits. It's a bit more work, but it beats being over-anxious or popping pills for the rest of your life.

Why smuggling drugs into Australia is plain sailing

# HIGH TIDE

Australia's vast coastline with its variety of reefs, natural harbors and secluded anchorages is well known as a yachtsman's paradise. It is also a considered by some major international drug smugglers as a dream come true, an underpopulated continent dotted with easy offloading ports and, according to some, easily bought officials. Just ask Ed Walsh, a 43-year-old plumber-turned-dope-boat delivery skipper from Seattle, Washington. Walsh is quite enamored with a certain area of the Queensland coast where he made a

BY PETER CAGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWDEN

Styling by Tim Donnellan

considerable amount of money delivering drugs. But what surprises him, and us, is the fact that certain not-so-secluded locations have been used so often and over such a long period of time, that smugglers joke about bad weather being much more of a worry than law enforcement.

Walsh and several other people associated with the drug trade are firm in their convictions that drug smuggling in and out of Australia is "a piece of cake" because some officials charged with the responsibility of controlling it stand to gain from the business. Domestic marijuana growers, they point out, are targeted because the flow of money stays mainly between grower and consumer, with only small-time middlemen standing to make a share.

"You figure it out. Every time a shipment enters or leaves this country some guy on the government payroll, somewhere, is likely to get a piece of the action, especially if the operation's big and consistent. There's nothing to be gained from the local growers and dealers, so they're the ones that take the heat.

"Shit, I've spent time in every major city on the Aussie East Coast, and I laugh when I read in the newspapers about how many dope plants worth millions have just been busted in such-and-such an area, when I just brought in tons of foreign weed without a worry.

"You can buy Thai sticks in Sydney for the same price as good heads grown in NSW. I'd smuggle into old Aussie any day before I'd try to grow . . . as long as I was connected to the right people. And my people had so little concern with the government side of things that I'm inclined to believe them when they say they own parts of it."

After these statements, Walsh volunteered an account of the successful shipment, delivery and distribution of five tonnes of cannabis from Singapore to Queensland and followed that with a record of another drug delivery, this time with heroin aboard.

He was at the end of a five-day binge of stimulants and alcohol following a long delivery of a dope yacht from Singapore to Fraser Island off the Queensland coast. He felt that he'd been "ripped off" by his former employers and decided that he was now retired from the business. Out of a combination of angst and inebriation, he related the following story in an upmarket hotel room. He'd made enough money to buy a house in another part of the US and, when asked if he was worried about angering certain people by giving us the information, he replied: "I couldn't give a shit."

This detailed account of one man's drug runs prompted nearly a year of follow-ups and digging. Walsh's story has not only been verified, but is considered by several drug dealers to be a rather common account which verifies Queensland's reputation as being one of the premier locations in the world from which foreign drug cartels operate.

All names have, of course, been changed, but the locations, methods and times have not. What follows is a blueprint of one method of bringing drugs into Australia, and it tells why the country is considered to be such an easy destination. The huge profits are invariably taken back overseas.The reasons why certain locations under certain jurisdictions have been used time and time again by drug runners are left to the reader. Walsh's story speaks for itself.

Up until several years ago, Ed Walsh would never have dreamed that he would be involved with large-scale drug smuggling. He worked for a local plumbing business and owned a small sailing boat which he raced informally and used for weekend cruises in Puget Sound. Like many people from his generation, Walsh grew up in an atmosphere of permissive recreational drug use, but he had always been content to remain on the consumer side of the booming drug industry.

> "I'd smuggle dope into good old Aussie any day before I'd try to grow it. . ."

In the late Seventies Walsh was divorced from his wife and shortly afterwards was invited to share expenses to crew with friends on a large yacht embarking on an around-the-world sail. Walsh readily agreed to this dream voyage, but due to limited funds and crew personality problems, the trip ended in Sydney.

Walsh returned home to resume work and remarry. He continued to sail his boat, however, and dreamed of saving enough money to buy a larger vessel and making a more extensive cruise of the South Pacific. He enjoyed steady employment at a good wage, but after car and house payments, began to doubt that he would ever be able to save enough for his dream boat. He and his new wife lived well, however, enjoying a social life that involved using cocaine on weekends. In the course of purchasing the drug, Walsh met Dave.

Dave was younger than Walsh, had served time in a state penitentiary for selling marijuana and was a favored dealer of high-grade coke to a select clientele. In the course of several years Dave and Walsh became friends, spending hours getting high and swapping stories from their pasts. Walsh exaggerated his sailing experience and impressed his friend into thinking he was a true seaman.

One evening, while drinking beer and sniffing an uncharacteristically free line of coke, Dave asked Walsh if he would be interested in using his seamanship to earn some big money. Dave went on to explain that he had friends who were running a successful drug smuggling operation out of Singapore and other South-East Asian ports. The operators had been using large fishing vessels, but after one boat had developed mechanical problems, it had called for help and was boarded and then seized off the Mexican coast. Despite pay-offs to officials of both that country and the Vietnamese Government (the point of origin of the cargo), the bosses became interested in the use of yachts as couriers.

While a yacht could not carry the amount a commercial fishing boat could, it was more inconspicuous among the growing international cruising fleet and, more importantly, fuel and mechanical breakdowns would not pose the problems they did with the larger commercial vessels. Also, yachts required less monetary investment and the involvement of fewer people, two important considerations for those running large-scale operations. The cartel, therefore, changed its tactics and the search was on for suitable yacht crew.

Dave, in conversation with one of his sources during a drug buy, heard of the interest in knowledgeable and discreet skippers. Soon afterwards, he invited Walsh to stop by for a few beers and lines.

Caught up in the heady euphoria of a coke-and-beer high, Walsh jumped at the opportunity. No problem navigating a boat full of drugs from anywhere, he said, and Dave chopped out another few lines before going to the freezer for a nearly frozen bottle of Stolychnia. As it is often the case with artificially energised conversations, the topic faded into the background of Walsh's life the next day as he tried to shake off a rotten hangover while repairing a leaking toilet.

Dave, however, was already on the telephone to California with the news that he had a seasoned, trustworthy captain ready and able to go to work.

The matter apparently lay dormant for several weeks, but Walsh received another rather frantic call from Dave one

evening and was told — not asked — to "get right over here man, things are moving." That night, life changed dramatically for Walsh, and much too fast, as far as he was concerned.

"It was like, suddenly I'm working for this guy, who's working for other guys who are working for *real* big people. There's a chance to make money, and a lot of it, but it's like you're joining the army. It was exciting and scary as hell. Let's face it, here I am, over 40, a goddamn plumber making ends meet, watching TV every night, and all of a sudden this whole new life opens up. I had to go for it."

Walsh drove over to Dave's house where he met Paul, a bearded, affable, overweight man who outlined the plan while obviously sizing up the new recruit. Walsh exaggerated his ability and navigational experience, but felt that the scrutiny was rather light. Paul seemed more interested in Walsh as a person rather than a captain.

Walsh was to fly to Singapore to inspect a boat which had recently been purchased and was being refitted at one of the larger boat yards. He was assured that it was being equipped with first-class navigational gear and electronics and would be sound. A crew had already been selected. Walsh's job would be to make sure that the boat was ready for sea, arrange provisions and other details for himself and the crew, and then deliver it safely to a location he'd be given when he arrived in Singapore.

His cover story was that he was on a routine delivery for a wealthy US buyer. He was taking the boat on the more arduous trip to Auckland, where the new owner would pick her up for the easy run through the South Pacific islands. It was impressed upon him that he was working for "big guns", and was to let absolutely no-one know what he was really up to. His story was that he had stumbled upon a yacht delivery job and was taking it, that was all.

He was now working for a very large, very serious concern. If he did right by them, they'd do very well by him. If he fucked up, well. . .

"It was all real friendly, you know, chopping lines and drinking Heinekens, but there was a definite underlying vibe to everything. But I liked the guys and the money was right — lots of expense money and $50,000 in the hand when I delivered."

So Walsh dutifully explained his cover story to his friends and family. He was surprised how easy it was, and how well his wife took the truth. He expected her to attempt to dissuade him, but she thought it all made sense. She trusted her husband's assurances that it was a safe, well organised operation, and there was no arguing that the money was good.

"To tell the truth, it kind of hurt my feelings that she was so game," Walsh muses.

When he left home, Walsh thought he was flying first to San Diego but when he arrived at Sea-Tac airport, the ticket was for Manila. He'd already been given $1,000 in expense money, and there was an envelope waiting for him containing a reservation for a room at a certain hotel. He was to check in immediately and wait.

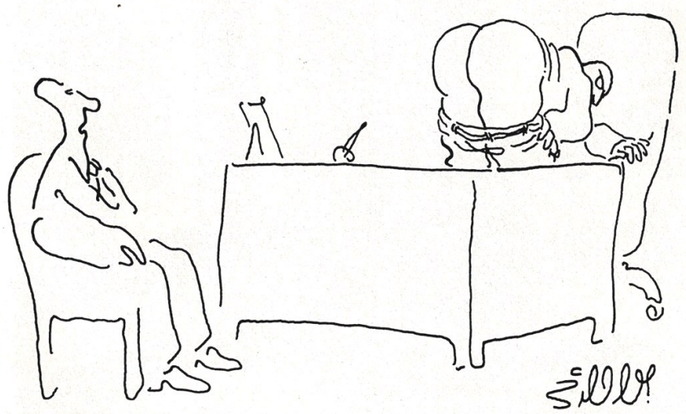
He drank heavily at the airport bar and as much as he could during the flight. By the time he landed in Manila he was exhausted, and barely remembered the taxi ride to the hotel. He was grateful for the long sleep — "those guys take care of you" — before the telephone rang. His "project manager" was on the way up, and what sort of breakfast would he like sent to the room?

The project manager, cool and businesslike, seemed to want to have as little to do with Walsh as possible. He gave him a further $500 in Singapore dollars and told him what room he was checking into at a certain hotel. Walsh's new first mate, Bobby, would be in the adjoining room. It was stressed that he was expected to work well and get along with Bobby, and it was casually mentioned that Bobby had recently married into the family of one of the more important members of the organisation.

Walsh arrived in Singapore the next day and met Bobby, an easy going 25-year-old. Walsh remembers worrying at the time that Bobby acted as if he was the one in control of the operation, but decided things would change once they were aboard the boat.

They visited the boat yard the next day, where the *Golden Eagle* was hauled out. She was an Australian-built, beamy, 44-foot steel sloop, not beautiful but far from rough, and Walsh was pleased with her. New radar, satellite navigation (satnav) and an autopilot had been installed; the engine had been rebuilt and the hull sandblasted and painted. The sails and rigging were also new. The interior was very simple, and, if Walsh had any complaints, it was that the fuel tanks were smaller than he would have liked. He did, however, understand the reasons for economy of space below decks.

Walsh busied himself with arranging and purchasing extra gear while Bobby took care of ordering provisions and generally keeping track of how the money was being spent. It was Bobby who reported to the project manager. Bobby and Walsh got on well for the four days, with Bobby showing Walsh the town and insisting they visit a whorehouse nightly, something Walsh had never done before. They both drank heavily and Bobby introduced Walsh to smoking heroin during the day's work, which Walsh found



*"On second thoughts, Mr Farragut, I'd like to withdraw my request for an increase in salary."*



relieved his anxiety immensely.

That weekend the crew arrived. Peter was another American, a young, optimistic panel beater from California. Graeme was a reserved Australian who said he'd "done about a fair amount of everything", including crewing on a previous "yacht delivery" from Singapore. Walsh's anxiety grew as the *Golden Eagle* and her crew readied for departure. He realised how little contact he had with the principals of the organisation, or even what the sailing plans would be.

"Bobby had already bought charts which covered everything all the way to New Zealand and the US, but whenever I'd try to talk about where we were going, he'd just shrug and say 'don't worry, man, we're getting paid for wherever it is', and say we'd know where we were headed for when we left. All I had to do was get the boat on course and keep her there and take care of any weather or other problems that came up.

"One night, when we were pretty high, he went on about how the northern end of New Caledonia was so easy to tranship on, so I started assuming we'd be going there, and looked at various routes on the charts."

This time however, the destination was to be the cartel's most recent favorite — Platypus Bay on Fraser Island.

Walsh cleared customs, listing himself as captain, next port Auckland, New Zealand. When it was casually mentioned that it was a long trip without stopping, Walsh replied that he was being paid to deliver the boat quickly, and if needed, could always put into Australia, which didn't require an advance visa.

"It made sense to the customs guy. Indonesia's a pain in the arse to get a cruising permit for, we were all stocked, and the owner wanted the boat in New Zealand right away. Besides, the customs guy couldn't have cared less. Every other boat going out of Singapore is on a dope delivery. Where else can you buy cheap, duty-free boats, get them fitted out and be in the best and cheapest drug market in the world? It's a total joke.

"Still, I've got to say that it scared the shit out of me, knowing that I was being listed as captain on a boat that was about to be loaded full of weed. And if I had any idea how loaded, I probably would have just flown home. The goddamn water-line was painted six inches higher than it should have been, so that should have been a clue, but still. . ." He whistled and took another sip of his beer.

The crew partied in town the night before leaving, except for Walsh and Bobby, who met the "project manager" in another hotel near their own. And it was then that Walsh got his sailing directions. He was to take the boat to an island not far from Singapore, take on cargo and fuel drums, and then sail through the Java and Arafura seas. From there he would skirt the Cape York Peninsula via Torres Strait, get out through the Barrier Reef and make his way to Fraser Island, where the operation would be turned over to the offloading and clean-up crew.

The boat would be scrupulously cleaned and Walsh and the crew would then bring it in to clear customs in Bundaberg, where gear failure and crew problems would be blamed for the early termination of the voyage.

Looking at the charts, Walsh commented that he was worried about sailing through Torres Strait, what with the close proximity to both Australia and PNG. Wouldn't it be easier to make the delivery in Cape York?

"We don't own Cape York," the project manager said, and added that the land-based logistics at Fraser were so well taken care of that the extra distance by sea was worth it. He also said that Australian patrols were more worried about harassing Indonesian fishermen inside territorial waters and that PNG had no patrol vessels.

"You'll be right. Just get the boat to Platypus without hitting anything, and we'll take it from there. You'll be laughing when you clear into Bundy."

No-one on the *Golden Eagle* would be laughing when they arrived in Bundaberg, but Bobby nodded and appeared relaxed, as if it was all routine.

"It was still all good vibes, although there was definitely this 'don't fuck up' feeling running through everything."

Early the next morning the *Golden Eagle* cleared customs and set out — officially — for a non-stop sail to Auckland. Within a day, however, they were anchored at a location which was the only detail Walsh was unwilling to supply.

"I'm sorry man, lots of people know Fraser, that's the usual drop-off, but if I give you our pick-up point, they'll nail my arse for sure."

By late afternoon the next day, the boat was loaded down so much that her fake waterline met the surface of the sea. The crew was nearly overcome by the reek of damp cannabis sweating in cheap plastic wrapping filling every available space in the boat.

As the sun set, the crew weighed anchor and left.

"I couldn't believe it. We were literally sleeping on, eating on, and squeezing between Thai sticks. You had to shit off the stern of the boat because the head (toilet) was so tightly packed with the stuff that a cockroach couldn't have gotten in there. Even the fucking oven was packed solid," Walsh said.

"It was just unbelievable — you'd have to have been there. I knew that the boat would be packed, but expected that we could have withstood a casual boarding.

*Continued on page 83*

*"Mr Wingate, pershaps if you didn't rip off her hand-brocaded gowns, tear away her expensive silk panties, throw her violently onto the bed, and then fall asleep . . ."*

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**PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL**

# IN CHARGE

**When asked what she would be if she could be anybody, 23-year-old Brittania answered: "Alexander the Great. I would like to lead a loyal army to victory." Brittania's dominating spirit carries over into her social life. "When I go out, I usually go out with three or four girlfriends. Believe me, we walk into a nightclub and take over. Men just about crawl over each other to get to us."**

"I must be honest, I think it's that sense of power that I find exciting." Besides power, Brittania also finds self-defence and pistol shooting a big turn-on. And what does Brittania do for a living? She's an officer in the army — naturally.

# KANTOR'S

# CELEBRITY SKINS

**Dame Edna Everage**

# falcon GT ANNIVERSARY

## For a brief era in Oz motoring history, the Falcon GT reigned supreme

*"Gentlemen, most of you will have heard something of our development of a Falcon GT. Briefly, this will be a high-performance vehicle especially suitable for trials and stock-car racing but flexible enough for normal road use.*

*"It will be available in one exterior color only — GT gold with charcoal trim — powered by a four-barrel high-performance V8 with an output of 225hp. The GT has floor-mounted manual transmission with synchromesh on all four gears. Special suspension, wider rimmed wheels and radial-ply tyres are standard equipment and the unit comes with a 16:1 steering ratio. . ."*

Thus, 25 years ago, a nonchalant bulletin from the Ford Motor Company officially announced the beginning of an era in Australian motoring history.

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY JOSEPH ALLBEURY

The GT would be a limited-run homologation special based on the XR Falcon with the Bathurst 500 race specifically in mind.

In 1967, winning races correlated to winning showroom sales. Manufacturers were more than a little interested in achieving both. For motor racing fans of today, the sight of a squealing Japanese buzz-box taking the chequered flag at Bathurst is an uninspiring sight. But 30 years ago, when the great race was just getting going — at Phillip Island, Victoria — and was being watched by the keen eyes of local manufacturers, it was a different story.

In 1962, Phillip Island, more recently a venue for the Australian Motor Cycle Grand Prix, staged the Armstrong 500 for the third and final time. It was won by an XL Falcon driven by Harry Firth and Bob Jane with a little factory assistance.

The following year, the race was to be held at its new home, the Mount Panorama circuit at Bathurst, NSW. For such an auspicious occasion, Ford released its first Bathurst special, the Cortina GT 500. Again, the Firth/Jane team conquered the Hill against Holden's ill-fated attempt at a Bathurst special, the S4.

Even then, Ford's commitment to racing was securing life-long allegiance from Aussies that would guarantee Ford cars the number one sales spot for years to come. These were the ballsy days of the motor trade when local executives rode along on their own intuition rather than sales projections and demographics.

One such exec was Bill Bourke. Bill, among other things, was a motorhead. Born in the US, he would almost single-handedly propel Australia into the supercar era. He loved horsepower and could see that Aussies did too. He could also see that increasing the output of some of Ford's local range would go a long way towards lifting the image of the Falcon and increasing showroom sales across the board.

As Assistant MD, it didn't take a great deal of convincing to woo his fellow execs into the idea of a Grand Touring model (aka Mustang) for the existing range. As early as 1962, Ford had offered a six-cylinder "pursuit" engine in the Falcon and by 1967, when the GT was being conceived, this had been adapted to a police-only V8 interceptor version of the XR Falcon with stiffer suspension, front wheel discs and a four-speed box.

The police wanted a high-performance Falcon at a time when car chases were still kosher. Such a model also provided a natural basis for the GT. It's hard, however, to put into words the impact this one vehicle had on the Australian car market once it was released. Even today, V8 engines are an integral part of

Australian sales, so much so that Ford have reintroduced this previously deleted option to their latest range.

But back in 1967, the Big Vee had only been available in a locally manufactured family sedan for a year or so. Along with the V8 option for your Valiant, you also had to opt for a vinyl roof, plush trim and automatic transmission. In late 1966, Ford released its first V8 engine with the XR range. But it wasn't until the GT in 1967 that you could opt for a manual gearbox.

This point alone meant that the GT was unrivalled on the local market. By combining the police interceptor pack with Fairmont trim and a little extra styling, a legend was born and the pace set for all and sundry to follow.

As far as GTs go, too, the XR was unlike any of its latter counterparts. Ford only had to produce 100 of the cars to qualify it for the Bathurst 500 and this was the primary consideration of the time. Thinking that they could probably flog a few more to the average man on the street as well, 260 were produced in the first batch. They sold like hot cakes.

Demand was so high that a further production run was made with the total resting at around 590 units.

The powerplate for the XR GT was a Mustang-bred 4740 cubic-centimetre Windsor engine with a four-barrel carburettor and improved induction and extraction. The pistons, valves and compression ratio were modified from the standard Falcon, giving it a power output of 168kW at 4 800rpm and a maximum torque of 413Nm at 3 200rpm.

On the road, this correlated to a top end in excess of 192km/h, at least 16km/h in front of the V8 Valiant and Falcon automatics of the time and in third gear, you could pull 145km/h, no problem.

The purpose-built curly chrome shaft and chunky fake wooden knob of the Hurst shifter protruded aggressively from the transmission hub. Through the three-spoke wheel the additional Stewart-Warner instruments installed in the dashboard between speedo and tacho looked like carefully added backyard accessories.

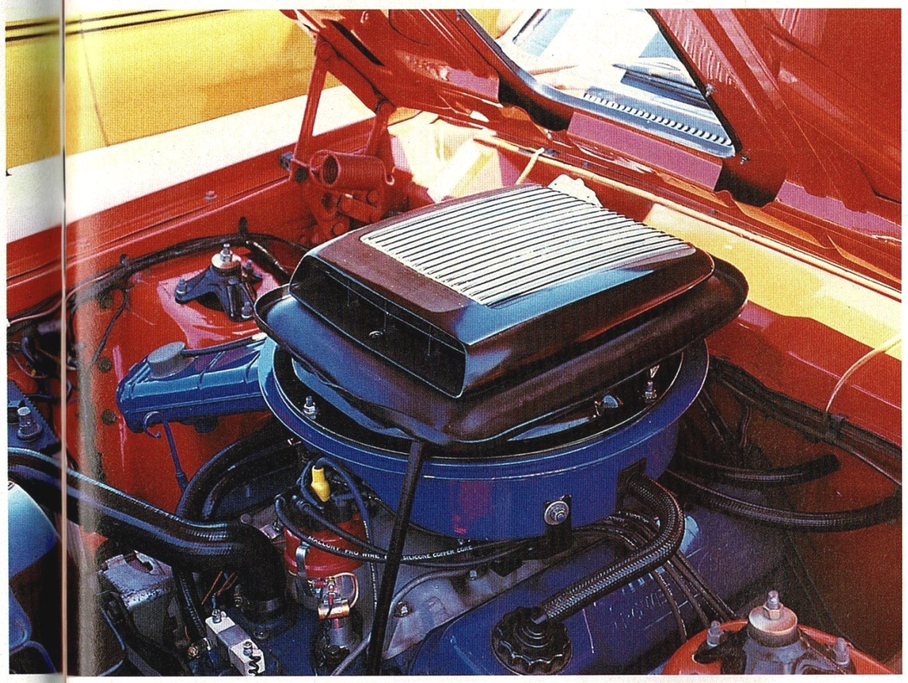
On the outside the Fairmont exterior received a backed-out grille, chrome wheel covers, chromed black on red GT badgework and distinctive black striping across the boot and along the sides between the wheel arches.

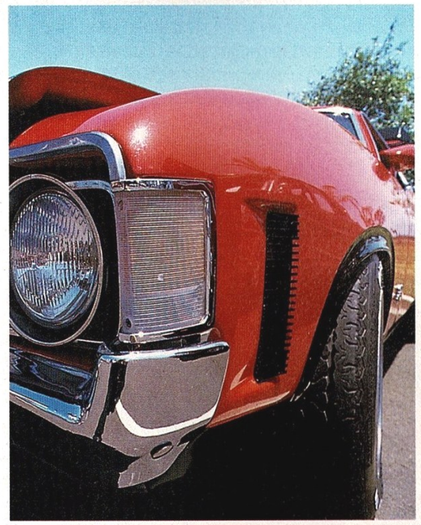
The "no color except gold" statement wasn't entirely true, either. The Gallaher cigarette company that sponsored the Bathurst race in 1967 put in a special order for several in the company color of silver for their top execs. Besides this, your dealer could do a bit of negotiating for a few other standard Falcon colors. The Firth/Gibson GT that won Bathurst in 1967, for example, was actually factory built in ivy green and the second-placed car of Geoghegan/Geoghegan was white with green bonnet stripes for the car's sponsors — Castrol.

The XR GT had been added as an afterthought of sorts to the Falcon range and, as such, had practically been hand built. GTs that followed were well planned and assembled en masse, depending on demand. But if you bought the XR, the tyre lever didn't really fit the nuts on the wider rims too well and the car never had a handbook of its own (although there was a GT supplement).

Ford had succeeded in capturing the Mountain and also the hearts and minds of every petrolhead in the country. By the time the new model was ready for release in 1968, GT was firmly in place as a motor racing marque and the name "Falcon" had been well and truly established.







**Clockwise from left: The GT Super Roo symbol became synonymous with the glory days of Ford racing; the GT XY with the Cleveland 351 engine and its distinctive induction shaker scoop; Clayton's scoops appeared on the front fenders of the GT XA.**

Being able to order an XR GT in a color other than GT gold was a little known fact, but with the release of the new Falcon, the XT, and with it the XT GT, there was a veritable rainbow. GT gold was there, but so was the very ambitious (for the time) candy apple red, zircon green, polar white, GT silver, and for the ultimate sleeper, springtime yellow.

Under the bonnet, the little 4740 was replaced by the 4953 Windsor and maximum power pumped up slightly to 172kW at 4800. Peak torque was improved to 420Nm but at 3800rpm. A limited slip diff was standard equipment and, unlike the XR, you could also opt for an automatic transmission.

Standing quarter-mile (400m) times were down from 16.8 to 16.4 and the XT would reach the ton (160 km/h) in 23 seconds as opposed to the XR's time of 30. Top speed, too, was increased to 200 km/h. Ride and handling were improved, as were wheels and tyres.

But all the custom trademarks were gone from this new model. The Hurst shifter was replaced by a shorter, heavier stick and the clutch was lightened. The extra instrumentation was integrated into the dashboard.

The XT was intended to ensure the longevity of the GT in Ford's line-up and increase its appeal to all walks of life. It presented a different image to the public, perhaps closer to the Grand Touring name.

When Bathurst came around, though, the latest offering was a disappointing failure to the growing legion of fans. The first Falcon home was the Stacey/McIntyre XR GT. General Motors had finally got on to the bandwagon with the GTS 327 Monaro and the golden years of Mount Panorama were about to begin.

By the time the next model was rolling off the production line, Ford meant business. In the late Sixties you could walk down the street and not even notice a GT drive past if you weren't taking particular notice. That was, of course, until the XW.

The basic XW was a squarer, more abrupt looking car and in GT trim, adopted an aggressive stance that meant nothing but business. The bold and bright colors were there from the XT, but along each side now ran a fat GT stripe that traversed the length of the car before curling sharply downwards just before the front indicator. Right in the middle of this last leg was the symbol now synonymous with the glory days of Ford racing, the Super Roo.

With a supercharged Skippy for the new road-rocket, the XW GT was intended to trash anything and everything that Holden could assemble. Up front, the powerplant was upgraded to the 5756 cubic-centimetre Windsor and in the rear end, the gearing was set up with hill-climbing intent.

Quarter-mile (400m) times were down from 16.4 to 15.5, neddies were up to 216kW at 4800rpm and torque was 515Nm at 3200. Kelsey Hayes ventilated discs were installed on the front for better stopping, while minor handling adjustments were made throughout with a Bathurst redemption in mind.

Whereas, a few years before, the XR GT had been a homologation special designed specifically to that end, Ford had something similar in mind for the standard, production-line XW GT — something to eliminate the General's HT 350 Monaro, something they quite simply termed a "handling option", or HO.

A limited run of 200 XW GTHOs with Windsor 351s was released to dealers. The HO included such little extras as a front spoiler that Ford likened to that of the 302 BOSS Mustang, an anti-roll bar, a larger carburettor and improved intake manifold, cam shaft, valve lifters and spring retainers, drive shaft and alternator. The HO was a mere $245 more expensive than the standard GT and came with a stick shift only.

But 1969 was not to be the year of the GT at Bathurst either. For the first time, racing tyres were permitted on the Mountain and the Fullhouse Team's HOs were fitted with Goodyear Slicks from the US. Right through qualifying, the GTs were the force to be reckoned with, but during the race it all fell apart. The tyres

proved fine from a performance point of view, but they failed to last the distance and constant changes stole the race from the better man on the day. The 350 Monaros had stuck to Michelin XAS radials and the best Ford could do was the McPhee/Mullholland GT in second place (also on XAS tyres).

All the same, the HOs definitely proved a winner in the showroom. Midway through the XW model, Ford changed from the Windsor engine to the Cleveland. Demand for the HOs was so strong that dealer pressure resulted in Ford producing a batch of 50 HOs with Cleveland engines installed. These became known as "Phase One-And-A-Halfs" because technically they were neither Windsor HOs (sometimes termed Phase Ones) nor the later XW GTHO Phase Two.

In September 1970, the new GT, the XY, was released. The model had undergone a few cosmetics inside and out, but in GT trim there was no mistaking the XY from any of its predecessors. The stripes, badges and attitude were there, but what made this car the most unique, popular, cloned and sought-after Grand Tourer was the overbearing cold-air induction shaker scoop which protruded straight from the carburettor, through the bonnet and into the wind.

If someone mentions a GT, chances are they'll be talking about the XY. In terms of race breeding, this car came up trumps for Ford as well. Half the XWs had the Windsor engine and half had Clevelands, but with the XYs, the Cleveland was the go from day one.

Quite happy to purr up to a lusty 6000, the Cleveland engine left the Windsor behind in a lot of other areas as well. But like the XW HOs, Ford paid some extra special attention to a batch of 300 Bathurst packs and these attracted the most interest. They still do today. The third model to receive the handling options for the race — the Phase Three — was to become, among other things, the fastest four-door production car in the world, a title which it retained until a couple of years ago.

The XY GTHO Phase Three was one mean mother of a motor car and considering they sell for $70,000 and upwards today, a tag of $5,250 from new wasn't too bad an investment.

The XY HO featured a BOSS Mustang camshaft, mechanical valve lifters, special valves, retainers and pushrods, re-worked heads with screw-in studs, a 750cfm Holley carburettor, an electronic rev limiter, sump baffles, extractors, crankshaft vibration damper, a special cold-air induction shaker scoop, heavy-duty radiator, heavier front and rear springs, anti-roll bars, Daytona rear axles, wider drum brakes and improved brake system, revised suspension and a front spoiler, to name a few.

The XY HO was a road car in race trim and it literally cleaned up at Bathurst. When Ford wanted to fit special Globe mags that helped brake cooling dramatically, they simply produced 200 sets and sold them with tyres to Phase Three owners for the ridiculous price of $200 a set, just so they could be used in the race.

The Phase Three, even with a diff designed for mountain climbing, could top 225km/h and drop a standing quarter mile (400m) in 14.4 seconds. Maximum power was between 275kW and 290kW at 5400rpm and torque was a healthy 515Nm at 3400rpm.

The most super of the Super Roos dominated Bathurst in 1970 and 1971 at the hands of legends such as Alan Moffatt, Fred Gibson and John Goss. The next question was, of course, could Ford outdo itself with the coming model due for release in late '71.

The answer was yes. But that's also where the story turns sour. The all-new, curvaceous XA GT looked nowhere near as aggressive as the XY. Motorheads were left to question whether or not Ford's race breeding had been incorporated into this totally new offering.

On the outside, the GT stripes were gone and in their place, contrasting colors accented the bottom of the car from boot to front bumper. There were scoops in the bonnet, but more reminiscent of the XW than the XY.

But perhaps the greatest difference was the fact that you could now opt for two or four doors.

The whole XA may have been completely different to the XY on the outside, but under the hood its heart was true. The race-bred 351 4V Cleveland throbbed away as healthily as ever and produced a more-than-mellow note through the factory standard twin pipes. With the standard limited slip diff (LSD) and a quick flick of the throttle through the four-speed box, any boy racer in the country could lay a matching set of tread.

But to get back to the story: the Phase Three had dominated Bathurst and most other races in its class, but was there to be an XA GT equivalent? Well the answer was yes and no. About the same time that the XA GTHO Phase Four was in development, so was a growing movement led by journalists who thought that a road car with a top speed in excess of 225km/h was exactly that. Excessive.

Ford, along with other contenders in the supercar stakes, baulked and gave in to mounting pressure to end this outrageous era. At its conclusion, the Phase Four consisted of four units only. Three had been hand-built in Ford's intended racing color for the year — red pepper with black accents — and a fourth unit had travelled the production line in calypso green to be sold through the Jack Brabham dealership.

Undoubtedly, this would have been the greatest GT to grace the tarmac at Bathurst. Had it ever eventuated into a full-on production run, it may have exceeded the Phase Three in overall appeal. But that's a story that will never be told.

A few lucky owners of subsequently built XA GTs were fortunate enough to end up with a number of the goodies intended for the Phase Four in a package termed "Regular Production Option", or RPO 83. Of all the production XAs, these are the most desirable.

The last of the GTs was released in 1973 with the XB and this was refined version of the XA. Bumpers were color-coded while the bonnet design was contoured around a set of air scoops.

The 351 was ever present, but only the early models featured the 4V large port heads that helped the old Cleve to breathe. The XB was as exciting a GT to own as any and it was the first model ever to have four-wheel disc brakes. But times had changed and the glory days of Ford were in decline.

The death of the Phase Four marked the end of the supercar era. Conservative times were in store for Australian motoring and within a couple of years, free breathing, free spirited V8s would be choked by Australian Design Regulation 86 and a series of subsequent ADRs concerning emission control.

The Big Vees continued on with the XC, which brought Ford the memorable one-two victory at Bathurst in 1977. There was also the limited-run and continually copied Cobra special. The XD and XE Falcons still had a 5.8l option, but with the introduction of the XF in the mid-Eighties, six in row was as far as you could go.

So, predictably, perhaps, the Falcon GT has become a legend in Australia motoring history. Hundreds — even thousands — of Australians are obsessed with GT Falcons. They admire them and they copy them. Then there are the fanatics — a bunch of guys and gals who live, eat, drink and sleep GTs. They will go to any length to find that extra bit of originality. An increasingly affluent group even get to own the genuine article.

Perhaps with the reintroduction of the V8 into the Falcon range we may once again see the day that Ford and Holden meet on the Mountain for some unadulterated and uninterrupted aggression. But alas, I doubt this day will come.

*Special thanks to Steve Bradley, Stuart Hansen and Greg Archer from the NSW Falcon GT Club for assistance with this article.*

## Bill's XY

**Bill Raper, on the other hand, is definitely an XY man. He had basically wanted a Falcon GT ever since he first saw them race at Bathurst in 1967. He bought his first XY GTHO Phase Three back in 1988. Of late though, Bill has become the proud owner of a second GT, and a very famous one at that. The car that Alan Moffat campaigned throughout the early Seventies and used to take the chequered flag at Mount Panorama now stands in Bill's garage.**

**Over $70,000 out of pocket for the privilege, he's still pretty happy to own Australia's fastest Grand Tourer. The car still sports all its race trim with a full rollcage inside, no back seat, race exhaust and a variety of badges and decals on the rough exterior. Under the bonnet though, is engine 17 — a healthy, hearty, balanced and blue-printed 351 4V Cleveland that is pure poetry in motion.**

**And what do you do with the fastest four-door mother of a motor in Australia? You race it. Which Bill does, at every chance he gets. As he puts it: "Somebody at the pub one night asked me what the meaning of life is. I told him it's changing into third gear at Oran Park in a Phase Three GTHO Falcon. And that just about is it."**

## Steve's XR

**Steve Bradley is one man who has the genuine article. He bought his XR GT five years ago and treats it like one of the family. At 33, he was only a youngster when the first of the breed thundered home at Mount Panorama, but even at that age he can still remember the birth of the legend. The car itself is immaculately maintained to original specifications on the outside, but the little 289 Windsor motor has received some extra attention.**

**"I remember when I first joined the GT Club. I had the only XR in it and one of the boys with a Phase Three was taking the piss out of me because of the small size of the engine. A couple of weeks later, I just happened to be on the Mittagong freeway alongside him and blew him away. He was a lot quieter after that."**

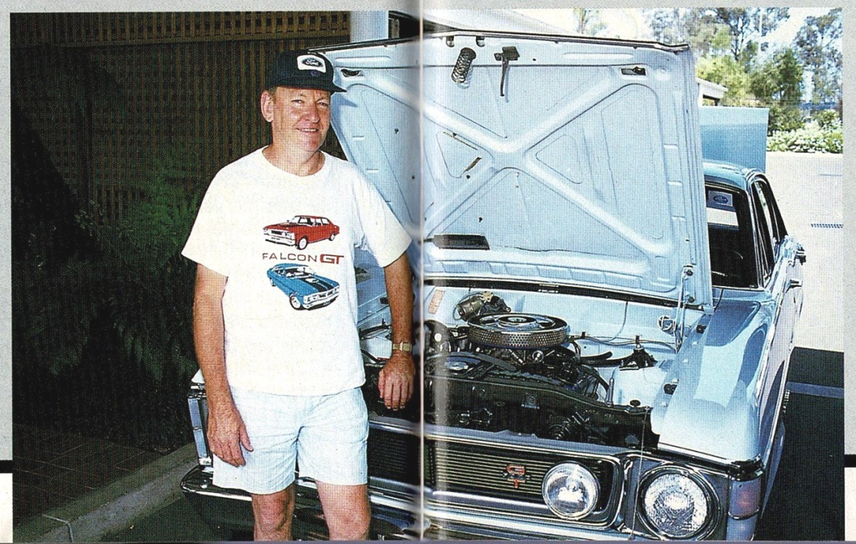
**Steve reckons he's got the most out of the smallest of the GT V8s: "I love the XR, the way it handles and the way it looks. Most people are into the XYs, but with a lighter front end and a little extra attention under the bonnet, she can pretty well hold her own."**

**These days, genuine XR GTs are about as rare as rocking-horse shit, a fact well and truly highlighted when we were looking for a car to photograph. Steve's is probably the best in the country and not without its own idiosyncrasies. The fuel and temperature gauges are transposed in this particular car, and the guy who mounted the badge on the dash must have been too tired to reach up any further.**

## Mike's XW

**Michael Kelleher bought his XW GTHO brand spanking new back in 1969 from Jack Brabham's dealership. Just about anyone will tell you it's the best you will find. Michael is deaf, so he doesn't say a lot either, but he lives and breathes this GT. Every inch of his Windsor is 100-percent original and literally as-new.**

**The way the story goes, Michael wanted an XW GT pretty badly and when he heard old Honest Jack had one of the last XWs for sale, he was down there in a flash. He made him open up the showroom in the middle of the night. After some deliberation he traded his original XR GT in for the XW, which he's owned ever since.**



# Cruel to be Kind

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS**

**Like Martin Luther King, Jennifer has a dream. She can see the world living in harmony, without war, without hatred and without greed. "My boyfriend used to say that human nature is basically bad and that I lived in a fantasy world."**

Oddly enough, Jennifer, 22, came to her optimistic attitude after travelling with her boyfriend through some of the poorest parts of India. "Even in abject poverty, those people manage to remain so spiritual. Watching them I found myself feeling very shallow. While travelling, my boyfriend kept telling me how the world was meant to be harsh and cruel. I suppose he's sort of right. He's my ex-boyfriend now."

# JIMMY BARNES

## and the soul revival

**Better late than never, but at long last, we've got soul Down Under**

Laughed! They almost pissed themselves. It was the Barnsey and Farnsey Show. Huddled in the stalls at Melbourne's World Congress Centre during the dress rehearsal for the inaugural Australian Music Awards, the pair were working out a presenter's spiel and it was getting a wee bit out of control.

"Jimmy, you live soul, you eat soul, you are soul," served up a guffawing John Farnham, with heavy emphasis on the final words.

"Thank God I didn't make that country album!" retorted Barnes.

Abbott and Costello it wasn't but none of the eavesdroppers were complaining. This was Oz Rock's equivalent to the first Reagan-Gorbachev summit; a scenario that a dozen drunk publicists couldn't have invented. The country's two premier pop icons were as thick as thieves. It was a coalescence of charm, a blending of bluster. Some nights earlier they had wailed away together on a concert stage, some nights later they would deliver their infectious good-buddy routine on *Hey Hey It's Saturday*. Somewhere in the middle they hatched hopeful plans to tour together seriously, giving their joint publics two for the price of one.

And it all happened because of a soul song — one that Barnsey had long adored and Farnsey had never heard. A soul song first recorded by the venerable Sam and Dave and then by Otis Redding and Carla Thomas, Aaron Neville and Linda Ronstadt and (on his lonesome) Joe Cocker. *When Something Is Wrong With My Baby* crashed on to the national charts in the number three position and legitimised a growing groundswell that

**BY GLENN A. BAKER**

**PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB KING**

seems, internationally, to be an isolated antipodean phenomenon.

Although it may be a quarter of a century too late, Australia has fallen under the thrall of classic soul music. The country's major FM rock stations are pumping out the likes of *Mustang Sally*, *Try a Little Tenderness* and *Show Me*, the charts are being topped by platinum soul albums, soul tribute bands are having a field day and the movie *The Commitments*, about the adventures of a young, ill-fated Irish soul band, has taken over $2 million at the box office and performed better here than in any market outside Ireland.

For many Australians the music at the centre of this fiercely funky environment is an exotic strain indeed. During the Sixties, while Motown was accurately proclaiming itself "the sound of young America" and British kids were eagerly devouring the output of the black American south and of Jamaica, a number of extraordinarily conservative radio programmers were doing their assiduous best to keep most soul music off our airwaves, with the seriously flawed reasoning that being predominantly white (a blinkered supposition in itself), we were not at all interested in black music.

Apart from a bare handful of hits by such mainstream Motown acts as the Supremes and the Four Tops, and the odd Atlantic or Stax hit by Aretha Franklin, Sam & Dave or Booker T And The MGs, most black music came to us via cover versions by local sensations. In our isolated ignorance most of us didn't know at the time that we were hearing Johnny O'Keefe and Dinah Lee sing Jackie Wilson, or Max Merritt sing Sam Cooke, or Normie Rowe sing Marvin Gaye, or Ray Brown sing Wilson Pickett, or Billy Thorpe sing Fats Domino or Tony Worsley sing Etta James.

The whitewash was so effective that Marvin Gaye's first Australian hit was *Sexual Healing* in 1983, by which time he'd had 45 in the US. Joe Tex's first was *Aint Gonna Bump No More* in 1977, by which time he'd had 27 of them. Otis Redding's solo charter here (he had 28 in the US) was his posthumous ballad hit *Dock of the Bay*. *I Heard It Through The Grapevine* was not a hit until Creedence cut it.

All of which renders even more astonishing Jimmy Barnes' late 1991 feat of debuting his *Soul Deep* album at number one and selling 100,000 copies in a matter of weeks. The release of a specific genre album is always somewhat of a gamble for an artist of Barnes' stature, but a real spit into the wind in a country systematically denied pretty much anything with a suggestion of grit for a couple of vital decades.

*"May I see some identification, sir?*
*We're responding to a report that someone died in here."*

But if the captive masses behind the Iron Curtain yearned instinctively, if unknowingly, for freedom, then the deprived citizens of this soulless lower continent did the same for the music that matters. The turning point may well have been *The Big Chill* soundtrack in 1983 which hinted at the dimension of the denial. Later we discovered classic James Brown through the *Good Morning Vietnam* soundtrack and then came, in all its ragged glory, the grinding, sweating, soaring soundtrack to *The Commitments*. The walls were finally down.

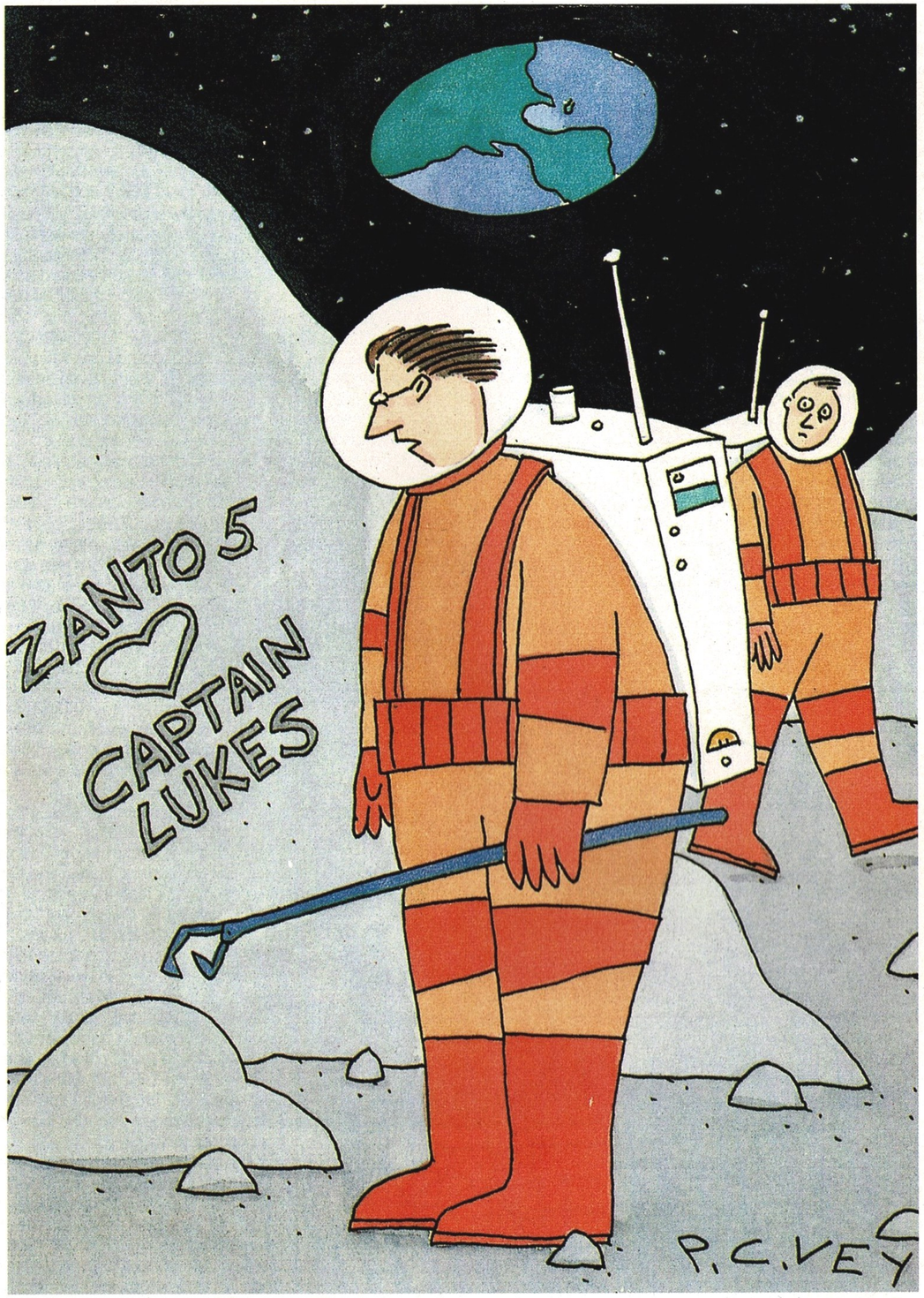
I once asked Ray Charles for his definition of the word "soul." He laughed he swayed, he tapped out a rhythm on his desk and, in the middle of all that, he told me: "I think real soul is when you can sing a song to people and have them think that what you're singing about is a real experience and that it had to have happened to you because you sing it too sincerely for it not to have happened."

Jimmy Barnes was a little more earnest when I asked him the same question; as if he'd never really thought about it that much. "It's the purest form of expression in song," he eventually offered. "It's the singer's way of expressing love. Most great soul songs were written about pure love, undying love, not just one-night-stand love. Soul is a way of opening up emotionally, or releasing emotion. It's something that I've been trying to incorporate into rock music for many years."

As indeed he has. Not long after he realised he could sing, Barnes became aware of the sheer, intense power of a man singing unashamedly about his love for a woman or his unwavering determination to overcome obstacles and emerge purified. As he passed through a series of bands and moved on to an inevitable solo career, soul remained a key part of his music vocabulary. With Cold Chisel he recorded Roy Hamilton's *Don't Let Go*. His first solo album featured versions of Sam Cooke's *A Change Is Gonna Come* and Erma Franklin's *Piece of My Heart*. His double live set yielded up a hit in the form of a warts-and-all treatment of Percy Sledge's *When A Man Loves A Woman*. Plainly, the man is never happier than when he is singing soul . . . or turning neophytes on to it.

One of whom was John Farnham, a vocalist of prodigious powers from quite the other side of the musical tracks who was performing in Charlie's Girl and Pippin when the younger Barnesy was getting off on Free, Bad Company, Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple. Whispering Jack may have spent five years fronting Little River Band, a major international adult rock group, but there remained vast gaps in his knowledge and appreciation of roots-and-rhythm music forms.

Although the two had occasionally sung together at gala events, Jimmy didn't




*"Uhh . . . Captain Lukes, remember that time you were kidnapped*
*by aliens and subjected to 23 hours of sexual experimentation before being let go?"*

realise it until John arrived at the Barnes spread in Bowral to put down the duet vocal for *When Something Is Wrong With My Baby* in the home studio.

"I don't think John knew the song that well when he came down. He was really nervous, almost panicking. I could tell. So he sat around for a while, learned the lines and, after a few cigars and a cognac, began to relax. Then as soon as he opened his mouth, I started to panic! He's such a great singer and I have an incredible respect for him."

When it comes to his beloved soul music, Barnes does not apportion praise lightly, especially not to white boys.

"There's a rawness to real soul music that sets it apart from the sort of music played by Style Council, Simply Red or Paul Young, which gets called soul music. You can be slick and lose it. There's nothing in it for me when it gets that way. *Soul Deep* really looks at the up-tempo party edge of the soul spectrum. I never liked Marvin Gaye's schmaltzy period. I like the outcast soul — the sexier soul of people like Otis Redding and Joe Tex."

There's no doubt that Barnes has a strong empathy for the svelte soul persona — the sleek, sexy, built-to-last style of the pantheon of black cultural heroes who had to fight for their dignity and self-respect in a country which was only a couple of decades on from lynching troublesome niggers for sport. The Sixties soul icons were either pious preachers or street scrappers tidied up by smart managers. Jackie Wilson was a Golden Gloves boxer; "Wicked" Wilson Picket, the cocksure king of salacious soul, is still prone to record with a loaded revolver stuck in his waistband; Sam Cooke was supposedly murdered while attempting to rape a geriatric woman in a seedy motel room; Sam and Dave's violent feuding was legendary; James Brown's adolescence was peppered with brushes with the law; Ray Charles, Sly Stone, Ike Turner and David Ruffin had bad, bad problems with drugs; Marvin Gaye was such an ornery bastard that his own father eventually shot him dead.

Soul stars have always lived hard, loved hard and sung hard. The best, like Otis Redding, have been electrifying, impassioned, full-blooded, hip-grinding, strutting, stroking studs, purveying the sort of panther-in-heat aura that is largely beyond white performers. The Mick Jaggers of rock can preen and prance until they fall into a pine box without ever laying a glove on the black sons of the south who exude soul from their pores. Not that they'll stop trying. White rockers are drawn to black soul like iron filings to a magnet.

Thus the bunch of tough Dublin teenagers at the centre of *The Commitments* find their release in dreams of being cool, sexy and ebony in Memphis. Thus Jimmy Barnes knows more about the life and times of his down 'n' dirty heroes than about the Beatles or the Stones.

Six of the 12 songs on *Soul Deep* were hits in 1967, a peak year for the black pride and enhanced identity that was so much a part of the Stax/Motown/Atlantic soul explosion. Many of them reflect the perhaps naive optimism of the time: a sense of hope that has been largely extinguished in the Nineties by crack, homelessness and unrealised ambitions.

"I don't know if soul music lost its vision or if black culture was just crushed," Barnes ponders. "They were trying to build something and I don't think America wanted to let them. Even today there seems to be, to me, an attitude in white America that anyone who is black and rich is a nigger who got lucky.

"In music there are endless tales of black performers being ripped off. Even the big stars were often treated like shit. I read a story about Sam Cooke doing a show in Birmingham, Alabama. He's an idol of millions and he's on his way to the show and the local police grab him. They take him to the fire station, strip him naked and hose him, humiliate him, then run him out of town. So it's not hard to see why soul lost its vision. I guess it was a precious moment around 1967; nothing had been done, everything seemed possible. The guts hadn't been completely kicked out of it. Soul was expressing something that was very alive, very immediate.

"When you listen to, say, *I Found A Love* by Wilson Picket, you hear him running out of breath at the end and his microphone is breaking up and his voice is cracking. It's just raw and real. There's no 'well, we'll fly that through this effect and harmonise it and fix it up and change it here and drop in a syllable there'. It's something you have to leave, bumps and all. That's what we tried to capture with the album. Most of my vocals were done along with the drum tracks and there's a few squeaks a few croaky bits and some flat and sharp bits, but that's part of the character of the songs. You can't just copy these songs because they were so good originally.

The eternal question of whether a white man can sing blues is still a valid one; ditto for soul music. However, Barnes is hardly plagued by self-doubt or diminished confidence. He humorously relates an incident that occurred on his last visit to New York in defence of his hue. "I was walking down a street with my wife Jane, who's Thai, and these black guys drove past, leaned out the window and yelled to her: 'Hey, what are you doin' with that honky, honey?' I yelled back: 'Fuck off, guys, I got soul!'" And he has.

*"I'm a little slow because when I was born, my umbilical cord was wrapped around my neck."*



Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi. White satin lingerie by IM Designer Lingerie, QVB (02) 261-2180; white velvet and pearl top by Symbols (02) 281-0644; cream lace corset and blue satin dressing gown by ABC Costume Hire (02) 950-4284; cream brocade dressing gown by Mildred Rose (02) 33-3878; black chiffon blouse and black boots by Let It Rock, Centrepoint (02) 231-4640; satin sheets by Satin Affairs (02) 326-1086; bed by Private Passion Bedrooms (02) 365-4092. All Sydney.

# MICHELLE

Michelle Lake is a NSW country girl with an eye on the bright lights. A self-confessed loner who loves to go bush, Michelle arrived in Sydney to explore. She was soon making the most of big-city sophistication. After a life of small-town familiarity, Michelle was looking forward to the anonymity of the city's nightclubs, where she could really let her hair down.

# CALL OF THE WILD

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY BAMBI**

Michelle, 36-22-33, comes from Coffs Harbour and she spends a lot of her time keeping trim. She's also vegetarian and is a self-confessed health nut. Any man wanting to catch Michelle's attention would have to be equally fit and healthy with "heaps of sex appeal." He'd have to be prepared to accept her as she is without wanting to change anything, she says.

Although Michelle enjoys the wild solitude of the bush — she likes to go to swimming holes where she can experience total privacy —she admits she wouldn't mind moving to Sydney for a while. "Although," she laughs, "it would have to be a glamorous mansion overlooking the water!" And to go with it, she'd like a little black convertible which she could drive "really, really fast." Equipped with those basics, Michelle feels the city might prove as wild, in its own way, as the outback.

# a hard day's night

BY MARK ABERNETHY

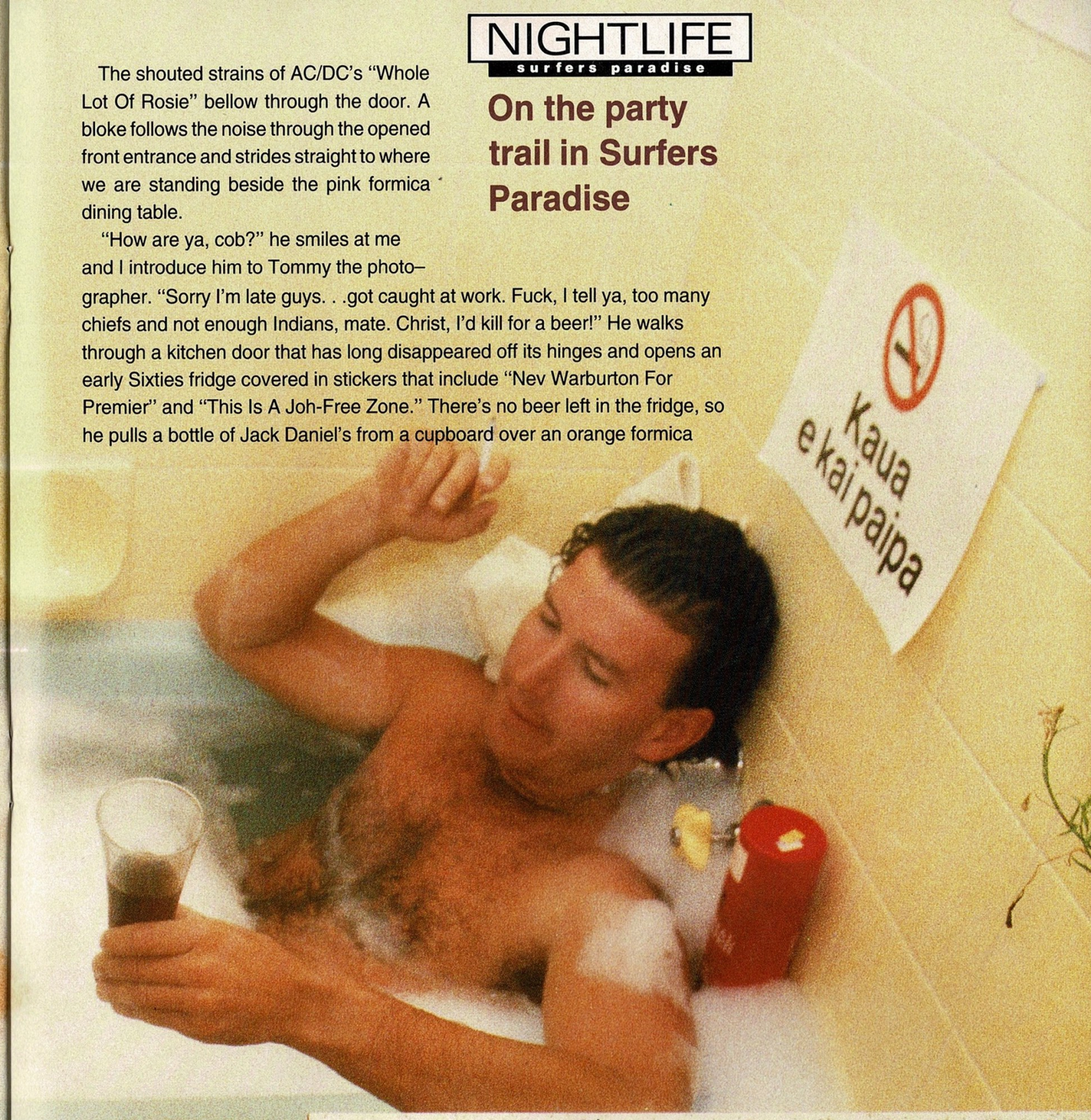
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD CAMPION

NIGHTLIFE
surfers paradise

## On the party trail in Surfers Paradise

The shouted strains of AC/DC's "Whole Lot Of Rosie" bellow through the door. A bloke follows the noise through the opened front entrance and strides straight to where we are standing beside the pink formica dining table.

"How are ya, cob?" he smiles at me and I introduce him to Tommy the photo–grapher. "Sorry I'm late guys. . .got caught at work. Fuck, I tell ya, too many chiefs and not enough Indians, mate. Christ, I'd kill for a beer!" He walks through a kitchen door that has long disappeared off its hinges and opens an early Sixties fridge covered in stickers that include "Nev Warburton For Premier" and "This Is A Joh-Free Zone." There's no beer left in the fridge, so he pulls a bottle of Jack Daniel's from a cupboard over an orange formica



part 1 of a new series

# a hard day's night

bench, gets a bottle of Coke from the fridge and makes for the table we're leaning against.

"Well, it's not much, mate," he says with a huge smile, "but it's just gonna have to do." He lets out a big, infectious gut-laugh as he pours his first 50/50 for the evening.

It's 6.05pm, Friday, in a suburb joined to Surfers Paradise by a bridge called Chevron Island. The bloke's name is Shaun. He's 30. He's just worked another 55-hour week at the tourists' rental car and motorbike yard that he runs. Most of his work is spent in the heat of Queensland's midday sun, dealing with Japanese women who physically cannot drive, schoolies who make a special effort to destroy the motor scooters and every interstate hustler and loser who can't hire a car at the major rental agencies. In Shaun's line of business he counts himself lucky to get away with a nightmare day — he's more likely to talk about a nightmare week. The past five days have been such a week. But he doesn't want to talk about it right now.

"Put it this way," he reflects as he lights another Long Beach super-mild from the Sea World lighter, "sometimes I reckon I should be in the Bible — I get crucified for everybody's sins."

He may be tired, but the bloke a mutual friend once referred to as *"the* party animal", is moving about the place in baggy shorts, sleeveless t-shirt and a smoke in his mouth. The ceiling fan goes on, the AC/DC is cranked on the stereo and what sounds like a running bath emanates from a far corner of the house.

understand?" We tell him we understand, and after finishing his drink and grabbing the whisky and the Coke, he makes off for his Friday bath; a ritual of almost holy significance.

The single-level house is affectionately called "Club Chevron" by its four occupants. It's one of those ultra-suburban places in which Mrs Marsh would have been at home doing all that tooth-cleaning business in the Sixties. But this house, on this street, on this island has long-since lost the happy-families feel. Chevron Island is one of several Gold Coast suburbs which were dredged out of the Nerang River mud in the Fifties to create "prime real estate" behind the monstrosity that is Surfers Paradise. The island today is a showpiece for waterfront living. From Chevron Island Bridge, the island's mansions, private jetties and flotillas of motor launches can be seen stretching down the Nerang River. It's quite a sight.

fact, while Bondi Beach was once held to be Sydney's Kiwi ghetto, Chevron Island may well be the Gold Coast's Kiwi town. Or, as Shaun himself puts it: "Kiwis hang around the island like flies on a bull's arse."

The front yard of the house is full of cars. The back yard is alive with hammocks, clothes lines, a barbecue, an outdoor bed complete with mosquito net, and an old wringer washing machine that is used as an ice bin for the frequent get-togethers under the huge frangipani tree. There's a strange hose-like contraption reaching to the roof and disappearing over the guttering. Another flatmate who has just arrived with a carton of Power's tells me it's the house's cooling system. The house has an asbestos roof that makes the place as cold as a morgue in winter and as hot as a pizza-oven during summer. So the boys found an old garden sprinkler hose, ran it across the roof and turned the tap on. The result was a radically cooled house and an excess water bill from the council for $134.00.

The phone is going constantly. Girlfriends, mates and more girlfriends zoom in on Club Chevron and its four-pack of bachelors. "I'm not here," The Boy yells from the bathroom every time the bell goes off. Viktor, a Swedish flatmate with perfect English, offers us a beer and sits at the pink table. Cheap prints of tigers, derelict rowing-boat scenes and cars cover the walls. A desiderata sits on the floor in the corner. "I hate that fucking thing," Shaun had said earlier.

There's excitement in the air. Another flatmate has a couple of French guests

**"Sometimes I reckon I should be in the Bible — I get crucified for everybody's sins. . ."**

"Let's get one thing straight," says Shaun, now minus his shirt, as he comes back to the pink table and takes another slug of Jack. "You guys can do anything you want with me tonight, but my Friday afternoon is spent in the bath —

But these properties only exist on the extreme outside of the island. One block inland, and sometimes just over the road from the haunts of millionaires, are the run-down hovels that house the middling-to-poor of the northern Gold Coast. In

who jabber away in Frog-ese. The heavy sounds of "Giving The Dog A Bone" pound out of the stereo in Shaun's room and the phone continues to go off amid the maelstrom. None of the phonecalls are from Shaun's girlfriend. This is Friday, which means this is *his* night. He loves the girl and they spend a lot of Friday nights together, but when he wants to go out with The Boys, then that's what he does.

The cabbie wants to know where we're going, and looks a little disappointed when Shaun tells him: "Gold Coast Highway — outside the ANZ, thanks, cob." The $4.70 fare is not exactly a cabbie's nirvana, and we pay the man as our tour guide to the Gold Coast's nightlife dashes from the taxi to the autobank. Shaun leads us down an arcade that joins Gold Coast Highway with Orchid Ave — the nightclub district of the Gold Coast. It's about 8pm and the place is already going crazy. Idiots in hot-rod Ford Escort vans gun their motors and spin their wheels down the palm-lined street. It's schoolies' week, which means every fuckwit high-school kid from Brisbane is in town with the express intention of demonstrating in public how badly they handle alcohol. These are the same people who give Shaun such a hard time all week. A toey young bloke with too much booze in him tries to walk through our host. Shaun drops his shoulder into the schoolie and almost knocks him off his feet. One of the unfortunate youth's many friends threatens our tour leader with violence. Shaun smiles at him as we walk down the neon-bombarded street. "Yeah, I remember my first beer too, pal."

We finally get to our destination down a dark, narrow alley that requires local knowledge to find. At the end of the alley, Buster's Bar opens up. Shaun knows a lot of the barflies at a particular end of the huge bar, and goes into his Yosemite Sam imitation: "Bar tendy . . . gimme a beer."

NIGHTLIFE
surfers paradise

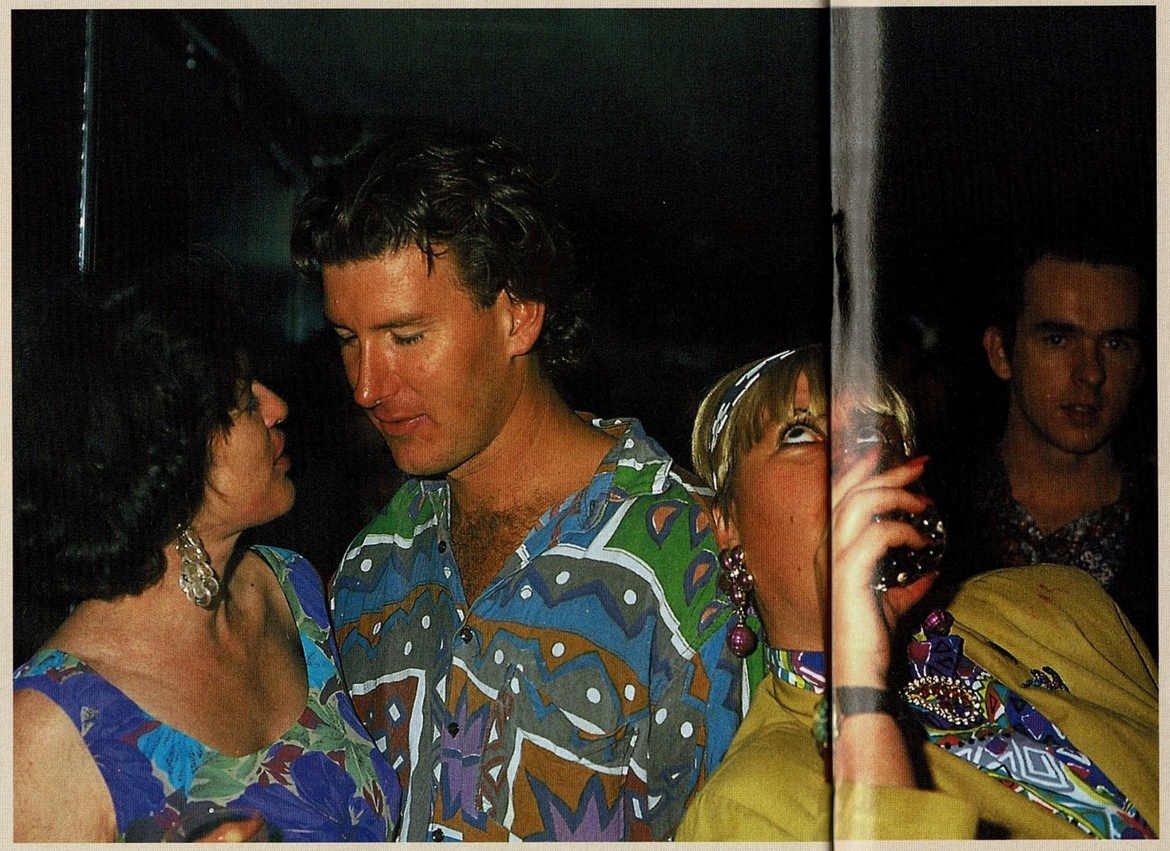
# a hard day's night

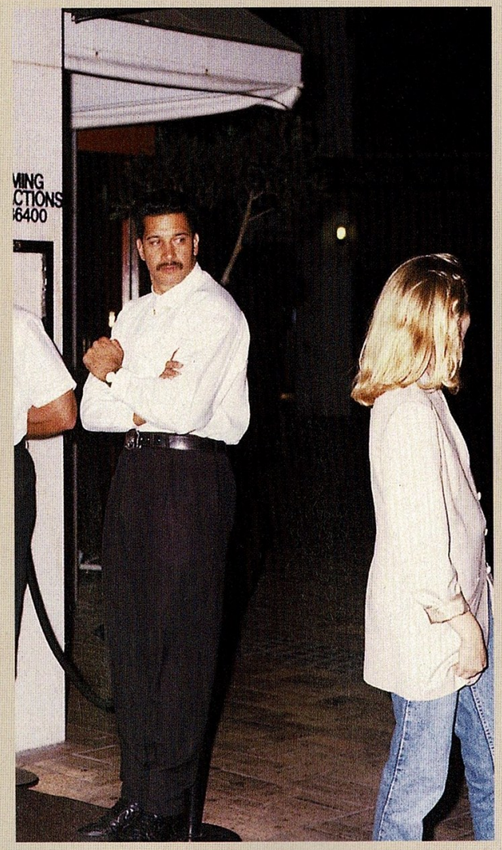
This is the first stop on any of Shaun's forays into the heart of the tourism capital of Australia. The bar attracts a regular local clientele that includes journalists, photographers, cops, conmen, PR men and "agents." Shaun likes it because the bar is a circular giant of a thing that sits in the middle of a low-ceilinged room. "I like drinking at a bar that is a real bar. You drink at Buster's and you realise that almost the whole fucking room is taken up with the reason why we're all here — getting drunk and drinking."

A cute blonde barmaid greets The Boy. "How are they, darling?" he asks as he stares down her brief top. She replies by holding the hose in front of her crotch and pretending to piss on our tour leader. A quick $50 goes on the bar and Shaun orders a Jack Daniel's and Coke and a shot of peach schnapps. A woman grabs his Levis-clad bum and kisses him on the ear. Another bloke comes up and shows him a stupid photo of a drunken night the week before. Everyone's drinking and laughing and Shaun's going through his repertoire of impersonations that includes Yosemite Sam, Kenny Callender, Ita Buttrose, that Chinese creation of Benny Hill's and one of his own characters; Maurice the failed French gigolo who is always wetting his eyebrows and combing his hairy chest.

By 10.30pm Shaun is drunk. But with the Friday night mission accomplished, there is no talk of letting-up or stopping. While there's still money in his pocket, The Boy wants to drink. "This is Friday night — if I wanted to be sensible and mature I'd join a Christian youth group, ya know what I mean?"

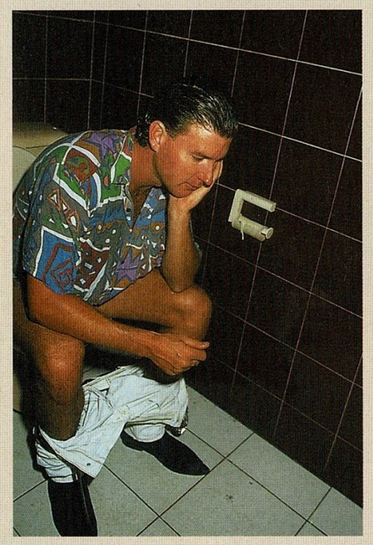
His whiskies have jumped to doubles by this time, and his voice has jumped a couple of decibels and lost a lot of clarity as he fights to be heard above the noise. A bloke with a guitar is doing the "oldies but the goodies" at the other side of the bar where tea-bag man Peter Forster is drinking alongside one of the local police detectives. Famous names and faces are forever dropping in at Buster's. The week before, Abe Safron had wet his whistle at the bar and Larry Pickering has been spotted in the shadows several times. The bar is no place for feminists. It is common to hear "agents" and "talent managers" talking in terms of "bum got too big, had to let her go", or "tits got too saggy, couldn't do anything with her."

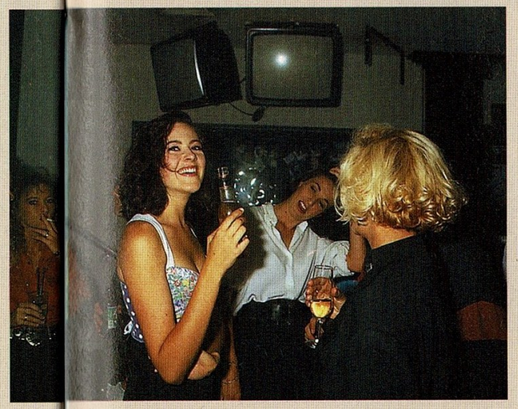




The Gold Coast is full of gorgeous young women wanting their naked photos in magazines and there always seems to be something in it for these guys.

The crew has grown to about 15 men and women by the time Shaun gives the call to move out to a nightclub. Drunkenly they agree on The Tunnel, and drain last-minute shooters, slammers and sculls before moving out of the bar. Derek, the tout for the Club Diamonds nightclub, is doing his thing in front of the club. He gets a good response from the troops as they pass him. Derek was set upon by a bunch of violent drunks the previous week and is having his first night back on the job after recovering from concussion, fractured ribs and a cracked cheek-bone. His nasal Pommie accent stops people in their tracks: "Ladies and gentlemen," he bellows, "it's another sultry night in the city — we've got Dave Ferguson on piano doing everything from Beethoven to the Beatles, from Billy Joel to the Righteous Brothers — it's going off and it's live — hell if you don't like it, I'll buy you a drink."





**"This is Friday night — if I wanted to be sensible I'd join a Christian youth group . . ."**

Through a floor-to-ceiling pane of glass in front of us there's a dance floor going mad. This is The Tunnel nightclub — the only club in town where you walk down rather than up to join the party. The place is a Mecca for every teenage Housie within a 200km radius. This is the type of place where the very idea of rock'n'roll is laughed at and the dance exponents wear shorts and dance like they're at a disco on speed. We're in the Members' Bar — a sound-proof bar at the back of the insanity where people can eat and get drunk rather than having to mingle with a bunch of druggie kids with pony tails and strange, shaved hairstyles. Through the glass, though, we can watch a whole lot of white folk in cycling shorts and meaningless T-shirts trying to dance like black Americans.

Shaun is definitely drunk now. He walks back from the toilets looking like the canary that just got swallowed. Apparently there's some freaked-out girl in the Gents' gobbling cock, and Shaun looks like a happy man. Girls giving free blowjobs in the boys' toilets is something the out-of-towner should get used to when partying on the Gold Coast. Our Boy has seen it more times than he could count. "And I always disapprove," he says with a huge smile, and that big laugh starts again.

Shaun pulls another Long Beach super-mild as one of the girls in the crowd moves in and tries to touch him. A bloke in Country Road co-ordinates walks past. "Jeez, mate," says Shaun as a stream of smoke comes out of his nostrils, "I love the hair, pal, but the mouthwash ain't cutting it." The bloke ignores him but the entourage laughs and another girl tries moving in for Shaun's attention. He gets her laughing too, and one of the crew mumbles out of the corner of his mouth: "Christ, this is the kind of bloke my mother warned my sisters about."

By 2.30am, the laser-lit dance crowd parts like the sea in front of Moses every time Shaun takes to the floor. The Boy is a happy drunk and not short of partners to boogie with. His wildman "chimpanzee-on-acid" style of dancing creates suspicion among the Housie set. A hairy bloke in Levis, suede boots and beach shirt is bad enough — but one that is smiling and trying to sing to the funk-rap crap must be ignored at all costs.

At 3.15am most of Shaun's group has left for the evening. He's running out of money and buys one last Jack Daniel's before telling me the secret of having a good time on the Gold Coast. "Never, ever make a pass at a Gold Coast girl," he slurs with sincerity. "If, for one night, no bloke made a pass at a girl, then the girls wouldn't be so far up themselves and we'd all get along better. It's these losers from Melbourne and Sydney who come up here, get drunk and ugly and walk around the place saying to girls, 'you wanna fuck?' that do all the damage. Then they go back to where they came from and tell everybody that the Gold Coast is fucked because they didn't get laid."

A hard week and the thought of playing golf the next day means Shaun wants to leave. We stagger out of the blackness of The Tunnel into the heat of an early morning in Surfers. On leaving the club, he throws himself into the middle of the footpath and, crouching, screams at a car full of noisy girls cruising down Orchid Avenue. We flop into a taxi as a bunch of drunk school kids walk past yelling abuse. Shaun wants to do something about it, but I calm him down.

"Chevron Island, thanks, cob — fast as you like," he says to the driver as we take off down the neon-lit, palm-lined street. The cab gets airborne over Ferny Ave towards the Chevron Island Bridge. I shudder to think how much money Shaun has spent, so I don't ask. The waterfront mansions' lights stretch and glimmer down the river. When the cab stops I pay the fare. It's Saturday morning and Shaun's broke.

# SKIING LESSONS

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL**

**Outside the snow gently fell, while inside passions quickly rose. Cameron was hired to show Chastity the finer points of skiing. "Keep your knees apart," Cameron urged. Breathing heavily, Chastity complied.**

**The heat of the fire and Chastity's soft skin were more than Cameron could take. Quickly clothes were abandoned. Because Chastity was paying for his time, she insisted Cameron continue the lesson.**

**"Remember to put your weight forward on to your knees," Cameron said. "Use you arms . . . and hands. And whatever you do, don't forget that you must always firmly plant your pole." Which is exactly what Chastity did.**

# 7up

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

## A "dare to be different" attitude has paid off for the designers of Mazda's '92 model RX-7

In the hills near Okayama, the FI Circuit Aida is a motor sporting equivalent of an expensive country club. For a modest fee of $120,000, rich Japanese petrolheads have access to a privately-owned, first-class racing facility complete with five-star restaurant and adjacent condos. This is top-drawer stuff. The best. Marble dunnies, waiters in penguin suits, plush pile carpets and a racing layout that puts half the world's grand-prix circuits in the shade. The idea is that the many Japanese with a penchant for speed and a fast car or three in their garage can come to FI Circuit Aida and cut loose in relative safety. Some house their Ferraris, Lamborghinis and, yes, their Formula One machines, in lock-up workshops at the facility. Car manufacturer Mazda is a fully paid-up member too, which is how come a bunch of Australian press guys are at FI Circuit Aida for some frolics at the wheel of the latest RX-7 model. The pigs are being fed strawberries for two hours.

The hot new RX-7, with its extensively re-worked twin-turbo rotary engine and Jenny Craig diet is the fastest RX-7 ever. A measure of its performance is its ability to out-accelerate Honda's NSX supercar over the standing 400 metres, and match Nissan's mean twin-turbo four-wheel-drive GT-R. Mazda has gone back to basics with this third-generation model, eschewing fancy hi-tech features much favored by engineers and marketing men to produce a purity of sports-car design not seen in the pricier Japanese coupes for some time. So there is no four-wheel steering, no four-wheel drive, no traction control, no active suspension. We're not being microchipped to another planet, here. Instead, Mazda has designed an unadulterated sporting car light of weight (yet not delicate), with a powerful, thrusting twin-turbo 13B engine and rather

# 7up

simple counteragents to the usual engineering obstacles.

This quintessential tear-arse machine for the purist is a non-compromised two seater, unlike its predecessors (which always managed to take a couple of kids in the back if necessary). The way Mazda puts it, man-machine communication must always be warm and passionate.

However, purge any thoughts that the '92 RX-7 is an aberrant conveyance in the British sports-car tradition; this car is reliable, it does not leak, it rattles not. It is not intended to appeal to those flagellants who wear stringback gloves and silly hats as a sign of either (take your pick) idiosyncrasy or stupidity.

The challenge for Mazda Australia is to sell this car as a thoroughbred with an intrinsic sportiness and excitement.

The outgoing RX-7, a rather fat and lazy machine, attracted clientele of a different type. It was more a fashion accessory for the middle-aged. When many people get to a certain time in life they settle for image above substance. Will these folk be convinced that a leaner, meaner little screamer like the '92 model RX-7 is for them?

Certainly, Mazda designers took an interesting gamble when they sat down to start work on the project.

"We didn't listen too much to the market; instead we tried to create what we liked," the RX-7's project manager, Takahura Kobaykawa, admits. That's a controversial departure from the norm — usually such matters would be researched to death.

Still, watching the mainly-positive reactions to the new RX-7 in both Japan and Australia suggests that the daring approach by designers has paid off.

The amalgam of graceful curves is actually the outcome of the efforts of Mazda's design studios on either side of the Pacific. The teams in Hiroshima and California each produced stunning concepts.

Rather than choose one over the other, Mazda simply took the best features of the two and created one glorious "committee" design. As contemporary as Mazda's other recent outstanding styling examples (121, 929), the RX-7 also reflects an influence out of the past in some areas of the bodywork, specifically along the sides and in its pagoda-shaped roof. Striking, too, is its height, or lack of it. It's longer, wider and lower than the old car. And lighter.

There are two time-honored routes to sizzling performance. Firstly, and obviously, there is engine power. And then there is a weight-shedding program. Utilise both, as is the case with the RX-7, and you have the recipe for awesome acceleration.

Alone, Mazda has remained committed to rotary engines, slowly slaking their once frightening thirst for fuel while always improving reliability and performance. The basis of the engine in the new car is the old 13B that Allan Moffat employed in his touring-car racers in the early Eighties. If he had the current engine, he could have won Bathurst in a Mazda. The new twin-turbo rotor 13B rotary engine pumps out an explosive 190kw, a healthy hike over the 132kw single-turbo engine in the outgoing RX-7. Torque is also up, from 247Nm to 294Nm.

Taken on face value, these figures are impressive without being sensational. But coupled with the car's low weight, they become part of the best power-to-weight numbers for any mass-produced sports car around.

Mazda achieved its remarkable weight loss with a design and manufacturing philosophy which focuses on creating alternative materials to pare away the kilos while maintaining structural integrity.

The RX7 tips the scales at 1290kg, including power windows and air-conditioning. Tellingly, that's 80kg less than the Honda NSX, the supercar made almost entirely from lighter-than-steel aluminium.

The RX-7 isn't all aluminium; instead it's a bag of clever tricks. Glass is a heavy material, so there's a smaller-than-usual glass area which saved 9kg.

The doors, shaped like a ship's bow, lose another 6kg (the curve instead of a corner provides extra strength). Many of the engine ancillaries have been lightened.

Aluminium, which has the advantage of recyclability as well as light weight, is also used extensively in the suspension. The alloy wheels are said to be the lightest anywhere in a production vehicle, and the bonnet and exhaust are made from aluminium. Even the jack is aluminium.

The brake and clutch pedals are fashioned from aluminium, like a true racing car. Its use here is both practical and emotive. The cockpit is snug, a mix of yesterday and tomorrow. Dials, rimmed with chrome, are circa 1950, but also pervading the cabin is a suggestion of the mechanical efficiency of a jet fighter.

At FI Circuit Aida, the new RX-7 struts its stuff. The turbocharged engine delivers the goods not so much with a whack in the back but that wonderfully smooth surge characteristic of rotary power.

The stopwatch confirms how fast the RX-7 is out of the blocks: spinning the engine to its 8000 rev limit, 100km/h comes up in 5.0 secs and the standing 400m is cracked in 13.5 secs. With the car getting a completely new double-wishbone suspension design, Mazda claims the RX-7 is capable of generating the same high cornering G forces as the mid-engined NSX.

There is very little body roll and little noticeable diagonal pitching to upset the car in the turns.

But on this day at this place, it is not as splendidly balanced as the Honda, and nor does it ultimately possess the same levels of grip. Maybe it's a sign that the tyres are copping too much punishment or maybe they are incorrectly pressured.

No such doubts about the braking, which is marvellous. The huge ventilated discs pull the lightning bolt down from near its 255km/h top speed lap after lap.

Unlike those crook Pommie sports cars that exist today despite themselves, the RX-7 has evolved into something on the cutting edge of excitement. And it remains splendidly civilised, with it.



# HIGH TIDE

*Continued from page 31*

Hell, anybody passing with a mile of us would've been overcome by fumes."

The other mistake Walsh made was instituting a law that no-one was to smoke any of the cargo.

"I don't like smoking dope. It makes me paranoid. Coke, booze and downers are more my style. Plus, I figured that if we were to have sniffer dogs to deal with when we reached Australian waters, it would be best that nobody had been smoking.

"So I made this stupid law that the weed was not to be smoked while we were under way, and that caused big-time problems because I had three dope smokers bored out of their minds and surrounded by some of the best smoke in the world. I was out of my mind to make a law like that and then expect that they'd obey it. And once you crack one rule, the rest of everything you say falls to shit."

But they left, and enjoyed fine weather for the first three days with the wind slightly forward of the beam. The captain and the crew were charged and happy as the *Golden Eagle* reeled off 125-nautical-mile days.

"It was just a matter of reading the satnav and adjusting the autopilot a few degrees," Walsh said. "Mostly we just relaxed, me drinking on the sly, off watch, and the rest of the guys smoking when I was asleep. We were pleasantly dishonest with each other, but it worked."

But then the wind died.

"There wasn't a breath, nothing, for nearly three fucking weeks. At first we laughed and enjoyed it, swimming, hanging out, reading. I could smell dope being smoked, but didn't say anything about it, figuring a happy crew was the most important thing at the time. Besides, there was fuck-all else to do. Bobby and I would chase a spot of smack now and then, pretending we were checking the navigation, and we just let the engine turn over at 800rpm."

After the second week becalmed, it all started going bad.

"We slowed the engine to conserve fuel, and that had a big effect on everyone. We were making 50-mile days and the crew started smoking openly. I felt like I had to say something, since I was the captain and made the initial rule, and that just created bad feelings. Suddenly I was the dickhead. The lack of wind, the contrary current and the wallowing motion of the boat were my doing, and things just went sour."

Walsh said that one night while he was supposedly asleep, but lying awake working on his secret stash of rum, he heard Bobby and the rest of the crew discussing how they could get the boat into Australia easily enough without him.

"It scared the shit out of me. It's not like the old days when only the captain could navigate. Anybody can look at a screen that says 'latitude so-and-so, longitude so-and-so' and then go to the chart and figure out where they are. If it wasn't for the fact that we were working for a big operation who wanted things to go smoothly and didn't want the heat from the investigation of a missing captain, I think I would have had an accident out there."

For over a month the *Golden Eagle* worked her way through a string of bad luck and bad weather. The wind was constantly against them, either flat calm or on the nose, and they were bucking a current that forced them to rely on a finite amount of fuel that was steadily running out. The boat developed deck leaks over berths and electronic gear, the dope began to go mouldy and they started to worry that they'd arrive in Australia with a load of worthless cargo.

"Tempers were short, man, very, very short."

Finally, tortuously, burning precious fuel, they made it through Torres Strait, picked up favorable breeze and began to move. Once again, however, Walsh's sailing orders created a bad relationship

*Continued on page 87*

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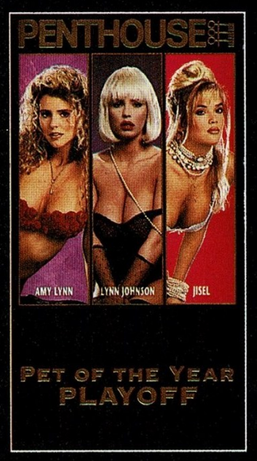


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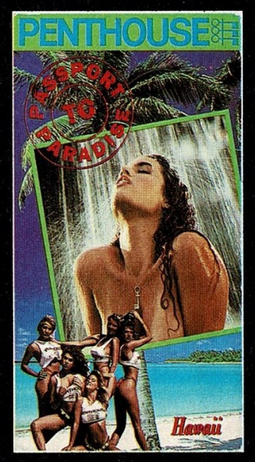


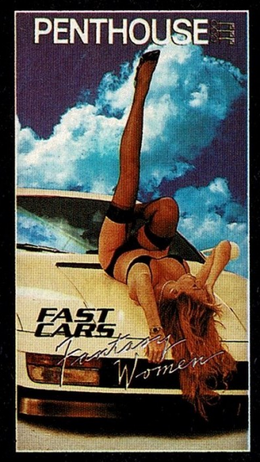


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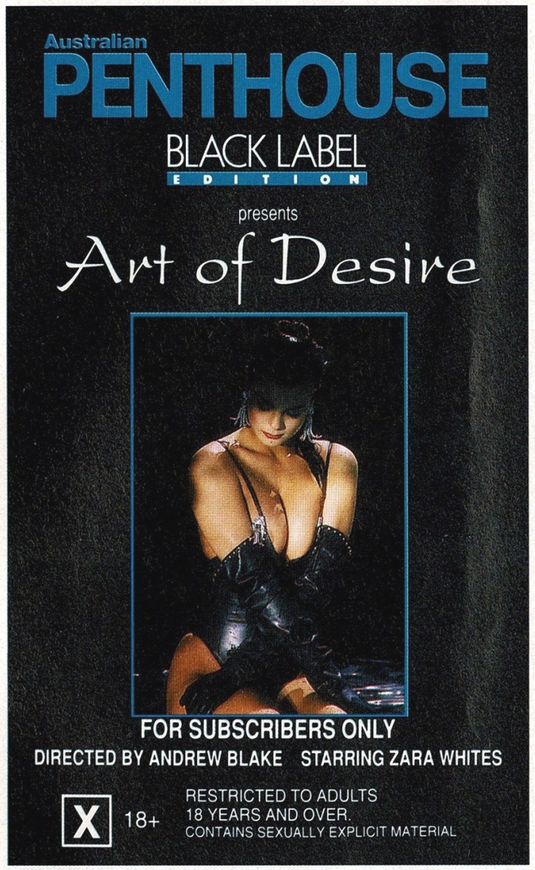


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## HIGH TIDE

*Continued from page 83*

with his crew. He admits that he was shaken by the unexpected length of the voyage, his lack of command and the close proximity to both Australia and PNG when he passed through Torres Strait.

"I wanted to get as far as possible outside the Barrier Reef to lay a course to the Lady Elliot light, to avoid the reefs and islands lying between us and the coast. But by that time everyone just wanted in, and as quickly as possible. They thought I was being a pussy. 'We've got satnav man, what are you afraid of? You're supposed to be a fucking skipper, there are cruising boats all over there. Here we're finally making time, and you're taking us out of our way.' I heard that kind of shit constantly, and it got to me."

Walsh admitted that he drank more than a responsible captain should have, and was smoking the last of his heroin. He said that at one point the *Golden Eagle* was buzzed by an Orion aircraft, and he was so ready to scuttle the ship that he had to be calmed down by Bobby. But he stuck to his plan, bucking the wind to get as far east as possible before laying a course to Lady Elliot Island. He ate alone and had only the most minimal contact with the crew.

"Thank God for fucking Bobby. At least they'd listen to him, and he was always in such a good mood, for some goddamn reason, that it caught on."

The Golden Eagle sailed 250 miles out of her way and then headed south, finally picking up what Walsh thought was the light at Lady Elliot Island. Now that they were close, the crew began acting in concert, sharing the same worries and looking after the same tasks. The boat was readied for off-loading and customs clearance, every crack and crevice examined for a stray seed or flake. The entire mood of the vessel changed, with people joking and laughing, sounds that had not been heard for many weeks.

The prospect of a healthy pay-off loomed, spiced with the invigorating fear of getting caught.

The latter was a real concern of Walsh's. Both Bobby and Graeme, the Australian aboard, considered the chance of being caught, once they were inside Fraser Island, as quite remote.

"It's locked up, dude. We get this boat into Platypus Bay, pick up the old Triangle Cliffs, and Bob's our uncle," Bobby laughed.

"And uncle minds the shop," Graeme added.

"Just clear the light and don't hit nothing until we make the bay," Bobby continued. "After that, we collect the money and I'm going to show you a whorehouse you'll remember for the rest of your life."

They picked up Lady Elliott light at 11pm and the crew was jubilant. Discipline had long been relaxed, and the last of the hard booze had been broken out with the meagre stores of beer. Walsh was elated. Hostilities were put aside, he was back in control, he was fairly drunk, and all was going well. The *Golden Eagle* slipped over the bar coming into the passage to Fraser. Twenty fathoms, 12 fathoms, ten . . . deep, for the falling tide, but that was fine with Walsh. Until Bobby said: "We're running out of water, man."

"We got plenty," Walsh replied.

"Shit!" Bobby yelled, and ran forward to free the anchor and prepare for a grounding.

"We still got nine fathoms under the keel, and we're almost over the bastard," Walsh told Graeme.

"Read the fucking sounder! It's set for feet, not fathoms! You're off your face, mate. Jesus Christ!" Graeme yelled.

Walsh took a look and realised that Graeme was right. The mood of the boat changed dramatically. Bobby ran down to check the last satnav fix and work it out on the chart. After some time he came back out on deck, his face set hard.

"So you're taking us between Lady Elliott and Breaksea Spit light, huh? Well, that's Breaksea Spit light to starboard and fucking Fraser Island light to port! You just took us over the goddamn spit! It's a miracle we're still floating!"

Walsh is the first to admit that it was nothing but luck that kept them away from disaster.

By this time the crew would have nothing to do with him, but Bobby kept everything in line by explaining that it was important to the general scheme of things that Walsh be at least called captain when they arrived in Bundaberg.

Dawn revealed Rooney Point and from there it was a matter of following the marks to the bay.

During the day the crew took the new, expensive alternator off the engine and, after tossing it over the side, replaced it with a serviceable but questionable model. They did the same with several other parts. The engine was still functioning, but it suddenly looked a lot less reliable than it actually was.

They had favorable wind and tide for Platypus Bay. They had now made a radio contact (another specific Walsh wouldn't discuss, but it is easy enough to figure out the general method, given the pleasure boat traffic in the area: "Are you still planning on being home for dinner Jimbo?" "Oh yeah, honey, we're fine. . ."). By this time Bobby was running the boat and Walsh was staying drunk.

The *Golden Eagle* was just one of several cruising yachts in the area, and enjoyed fine sailing while using the VHF radio to let the shore crew know that they were approaching. They passed Triangle Cliffs in the afternoon and were anchored in the pre-arranged spot well before dark.

"It looked like people were having a party ashore. You could see a few four-wheel drives and a couple of tents, there was a fire going, the whole deal."

A large aluminium dinghy left the shore and headed for the yacht.

Bobby suggested to Walsh that he go below, which he did. He stayed in his cabin for the remainder of the day, drinking heavily. He could hear activity on

*Continued from page 119*

# spoilt rotten

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

**Helen, a 20-year-old high-powered real estate salesperson, admits to being a spoilt child. "I was a spoilt brat," she says freely. "My father gave me anything I wanted, and if I didn't get my way I would hold my breath until I got it. And I always got it. I'm just the same now — whatever I want, I get. I have all the trappings of success — beautiful apartment, expensive car, mobile phone. I suppose you could call me a consummate yuppie."**

Is there anything Helen hasn't got her own way about? With a defiant flick of her hair she says: "No! Nothing." Then, after a moment, a rueful expression settles on her face: "Well there is one thing . . . I guess he was an even more spoilt child than I was."

# advisor

## Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

### Fancy footwork

I am a healthy single male of 38 and over time have developed a couple of fetishes. One of these is to see ladies (16 to 36) wearing lightweight, old-style tennis shoes with obvious rubber toecaps and soles, and in any color other than white. (Bathing caps rate highly, too.)

On seeing a woman wearing these I begin to imagine, if the shoes were taken off and given to me, how magnificent they would smell if I were to place my nose deep inside them. I have had the opportunity to have a couple of pairs of such shoes, and like to hold an open shoe over my nose and mouth and let my tongue explore deep inside it. I love the taste, and the smell is just mind-blowing!

I also like to play with my own nipples. I am definitely not homosexual, but I do like to play with them with wet fingers. This gives me an instant hard-on calling for immediate relief. What I want to know is, will the nipple-play and masturbation do me any harm? And can you think of any reason for my shoe fetish?

*Playing with your own nipples and masturbating is normal and you can do it as much as you want without fear of harm to yourself. Getting turned on by licking out sandshoes, on the other hand, is rather more unusual and I've never heard of it before. Lots of men go crazy for high heels and some like to sniff undies, but sandshoes?*

*I can't think of any reason for this particular fetish offhand. Fetishes often begin with some association in childhood, or develop as a particular route to arousal. Your fetish seems harmless enough, except that you could pick up a whole variety of bugs and bacteria (tinea, warts, etc) from actually licking out the shoes. Still if you enjoy it, go for it. It's definitely different.*

### Shockwaves

I am 20 and have a problem which worries me a lot. My boyfriend has quite a large penis. Everybody always says how the bigger the penis, the better the sex is. But I actually find it difficult. Sometimes he hurts me with it, especially if he is screwing me doggy-style — he hits my cervix (or something) which sends shockwaves right through my stomach. He likes to really slam. I've tried to tell him, but he just says I should count myself lucky to have a man with a big penis, and that most women would kill to be fucked by one like his. He says I must have something wrong with me. I find I'm always trying to avoid sex, now. What can I do?

*Well, normally I'd say try to take some control of the situation during sex by getting on top or by being assertive about it. But this guy sounds like a really selfish moron. He's more into impressing himself than giving you pleasure, which is very immature. There is nothing wrong with you. Women do not automatically go crazy for a bigger-than-average penis. Many prefer a normal sized one with an experienced, considerate lover attached to it. Men with big dicks who know something about sex know they often need to take care not to hurt their partner.*

*Do you have to stay with this guy? If you've already tried to speak to him, and received such an unsympathetic reply, then your options are limited. Why stick around and let him spoil your sex life? There are plenty of much nicer fish in the sea.*

### Body on show

I am a 20-year-old male and I go to the local gym four to five times a week. I love doing aerobics and training with weights. In the gym there are many beautiful women who wear body-hugging lycra with G-strings and it's obvious these women love to display their tight bums and firm breasts.

I am six foot tall and have a medium athletic build of which I am quite proud. The thing that worries me is that I like to wear tight lycra bike shorts with no underwear because I want the women to see my equipment bulging from the front of my shorts, as well as my athletic arse. I also get great pleasure in displaying myself in front of the girls at the nudist beach. I get so horny at the gym that I have to masturbate as soon as I get home. Is this exhibitionism normal for a male or should the lycra be left to the ladies?

*Of course it's normal. It's just that, in this particular day and age, women still occupy the role (whether willingly or not) of the observed, while men do the observing. It doesn't mean you're less of a male because you want to show off a sexy body to the other gender. Men are often unaware of it, but women like to look at men's bodies, especially well-kept athletic ones. They may not be obvious about it, but in the gym or on the beach are two places where they can do this naturally. As long as you don't turn weird and start creeping around in raincoats flashing unwilling and unsuspecting people, you should be able to wear anything you like as long as you feel good in it.*

### Dangerous liaisons

I have been having a relationship with a man who is warm, loving, confident, considerate and who treats me as an equal and a friend. I am 23, he is 36. He had never said much about his past, but one night after making love, he told me he was a mercenary. At first it didn't really sink in.

A few nights ago we went to dinner at my parents' place, as we do every week. My parents were starting to get used to the age difference and my lover, who always confessed to being a weapons buff, hit it off with my father (who spent 18 years in the army, mostly the SAS). However this night they started arguing fiercely in French. To this day nobody in the family knows what was said, but my father now comes over to check on me, and has warned me off this man but won't give a reason.

That cut dinner short. I asked my boyfriend about his political views but he was non-committal. He did not stay that night, saying he wanted time on his own. The next day I went around to his place and was cleaning up when I found a bag of photos and a gun. The gun didn't worry me as my father also has one. I started to look at the photos, and one packet shocked me. They showed my boyfriend when he was younger — 19 or so — and I didn't know he could look so cruel. In one picture he held up two decapitated heads. In another were piles of bodies. A note on the back of one photo read: "This man ran 150 metres after being wounded." It was of a man lying face down, his entrails spread behind him.

I thought my boyfriend would be angry when I told him I'd found the pictures, but instead he apologised for not putting them away. This dispelled any further doubt I might have had about his profession.

I have tried to talk to him about what he has done but he always skirts the issue, saying he doesn't want to come between me and my family. I feel no danger at all from him — his is loving and gentle and in control. But my father is becoming fanatical about it. I resent him being so forceful, at least without giving a good reason.

Why would a man like this choose such a profession? By staying with him am I condoning his past actions? I have no proof that he has committed any atrocity and it is not in his nature to be unjustly cruel, as far as I can see.

*And there are none so blind as those who do not wish to see. The photos you found are as clear a record of cruelty and atrocity as you'll ever get. No political cause anywhere warrants decapitation or torture. It happens, but it is never condoned. This man might not show this side of himself to you. He may mean you no harm, and never intend to do you any. But what if somebody or some group wants to get back at him and decides to use you to do it? Your father, whom you say has extensive experience in the established military, has encountered something about this man which he finds deeply offensive. If he won't tell you about it, it's probably because he's trying tp protect you from something. Have you told your father about the photographs?*

*What makes a man like your boyfriend choose such a profession? Who knows? Were it not for those photographs, one might put it down to money, or maybe adventure. But there is the worst kind of cruelty in the pictures. And the fact that these things were photographed at all reveals a gratuity, a certain pride in the actions, rather than remorse. Your boyfriend is a paid killer, and it appears that he is quite happy with his job. You can put on your blinkers and pretend that he doesn't* really *mean to shoot anybody, even though he's paid to do it, and that, you know, if the cause is just, then so is the cruelty, no matter how depraved. Or you can look at the truth and decide whether or not you want to be a part of it. But the decision is up to you and you must make it yourself. Not your father. And not us.*

### Hairy dick

I am a 18-year-old male and I have this problem that really embarrasses me. There are hairs on my dick, mostly around the base but some even a third of the way up. It's not furry or anything, but they are there. Is there some way I can get them removed which isn't too painful? I would be so embarrassed if a girl tried to give me head and discovered my secret.

*To my knowledge, most males have hairs around the base and lower third of their penises. Not, as you say, furry — although some get close. And it's probably best to live with them, as various hair removal methods can result in itching, rashes or sheer pain. So, Mr Average, pop goes your dreadful secret. You're exactly the same as everybody else. Now all you have to do is find somebody nice to give you head.*

### Leprosy

Is leprosy a sexually transmitted disease? Do you have to have sex to catch it, or can it be caught from saliva? Can it be cured?

*Good grief, wherever have you been having your fun? Contagious leprosy is caused by a bacteria is transmitted by direct contact of any sort, so it isn't really an STD. Its incubation period can be anywhere from one to 30 years. It affects the nerves and skin and can also be accompanied by tuberculosis. There is a benign — or "dry" — form of tuberculoid leprosy which isn't contagious, but often the patient will have both. Leprosy is rare and found only in tropical — and usually Third World — countries. It can be treated with antibacterial drugs.*

# SEX

*Continued from page 12*

their head to rob a sex shop has got to realise that they could end up in court or in hospital. Probably both.

Okay, we've come to the part all the devos have been waiting for — the bit where I tell you about the female customers who have been driven into wild sexual frenzies by the products on display and have let the staff have their way with them.

Well, there *was* the story about the woman who used to call in during her annual holidays and allow various members of the staff to ejaculate on what were reputably a gorgeous set of tits, while hubby sat outside in the car.

And there was the time we became acquainted with someone called Linda, who would telephone the shop every couple of days and, after enquiring about what sort of dildos we had in stock, would proceed to tell us what she would do with them, were she present.

These graphic descriptions had a profound effect on the staff, especially a young Kiwi bloke called Shaun (which I always thought was a great name for a New Zealander). Linda would never tell us what she looked like, so most of us pictured her as fat and ugly. We ragged Shaun mercilessly, but he wouldn't be discouraged. He steadfastly maintained his vision of a flawless, blue-eyed blonde endowed with a rapacious sexual appetite.

To the uninitiated, the products set out behind the sliding glass doors of the illuminated display cabinet probably resemble the inhabitants of an alien zoo. Things that squirm and twist and shudder like eels on a hot griddle; vibrators like the "Lady's Companion", designed to fit inside a perfume container which can be safely carried around in a handbag, ready for instant use, anywhere, anytime. Measuring in at a mere four inches, the "Lady's Companion" is dwarfed by the mighty "French Loaf." At 12½ inches, the French Loaf will satisfy the lustiest appetite.

Vibrators are always big sellers. Nowadays they are made from latex, hard plastic or the amazingly lifelike jelly-flesh. The "Honeypet" and the "Slimline" are the most popular. Both cost less than $20 and are bland and designed to appeal to the widest range of tastes. Made from hard plastic, they are also available in kits, with various latex sleeves designed to fit over the vibrator. These vibes can be unreliable, though. Always make sure a vibrator works before you buy it, as there are no returns on sex aids.

For less than $100, you can purchase a "Pearl Bird" — a velvety-soft, six-inch chunk of moulded, jelly-flesh latex. The "Pearl Bird's" rotating shaft is jam-packed with small plastic pearls which grind constantly against each other, producing a uniquely intense sensation that reportedly drives the ladies wild. As a bonus, the tongue of the little hummingbird projecting from the bottom of the shaft vibrates at what would have to be close to a million miles an hour. The "Pearl Bird" and its big brother, the "Super Rolling Stud", are sturdy and reliable and are an absolute must in the bedside drawer of any true connoisseur.

The "Aphrodite" love doll is available in black or caucasian, sitting, kneeling or standing.

All models have eyes that open and close, and, as the box states, they "smell like real women" (perfume, not anchovies). Also supplied with the doll is an "egg" vibrator which fits inside the vaginal area and is operated by means of a hand-held battery pack.

Prices generally start at around $50 for a basic love doll. The more sophisticated dolls, like the "Aphrodite", can cost up to $130.

Aphrodisiacs are another big seller, both in capsule or liquid form. We had one outback property owner who used to come in every year and buy 40 bottles of imitation Spanish Fly — I don't know whether he was using them on his wife or his cattle, but it obviously worked.

It's best to mix an aphrodisiac with an alcoholic drink, and repeat the dosage every 15 minutes, making sure that you make one for yourself as well as your partner. That way, you'll both be too pissed to know whether it worked or not, and you won't come back to us complaining.

Penis englargers? Try the "Handsome Up" at $70, or the "John Holmes" model at much the same price; they might not make your dick bigger, but you'll have an awful lot of fun trying.

A word of warning. Whatever you're buying, don't make up stories about it being a birthday present, wedding gift, or whatever. If you can't be up-front and admit that a vibrator's for yourself or your wife or girlfriend, then don't say anything at all. If you do, the staff will knowingly raise their eyebrows at each other and then try and sell you something dearer.

One businessman-type regularly comes in and buys gay magazines, then demands a receipt, saying they're for his boss. I mean, is that ridiculous, or what?

One old bloke was looking over our range of love dolls. When we asked if he needed some help, he explained that he and a mate were heading out west, mending fences, and the doll would make a handy companion. I dragged one down from the shelf. "She'll keep you happy," I said.

"Me!" he replied, shocked. "It's for my mate! I'm worried that if he gets too desperate, he'll put the hard word on me!" In the end he bought one for himself. An interesting trip, no doubt. Nothing like a couple of buddies watching the sun sink slowly in the west with their love dolls beside them.

Yes, we get all kinds. Perhaps the most graphic example of this was the time I ran a nice old gentleman's credit card through the machine and happened to glance at the name. It said "Reverend" — *Neil Trill*

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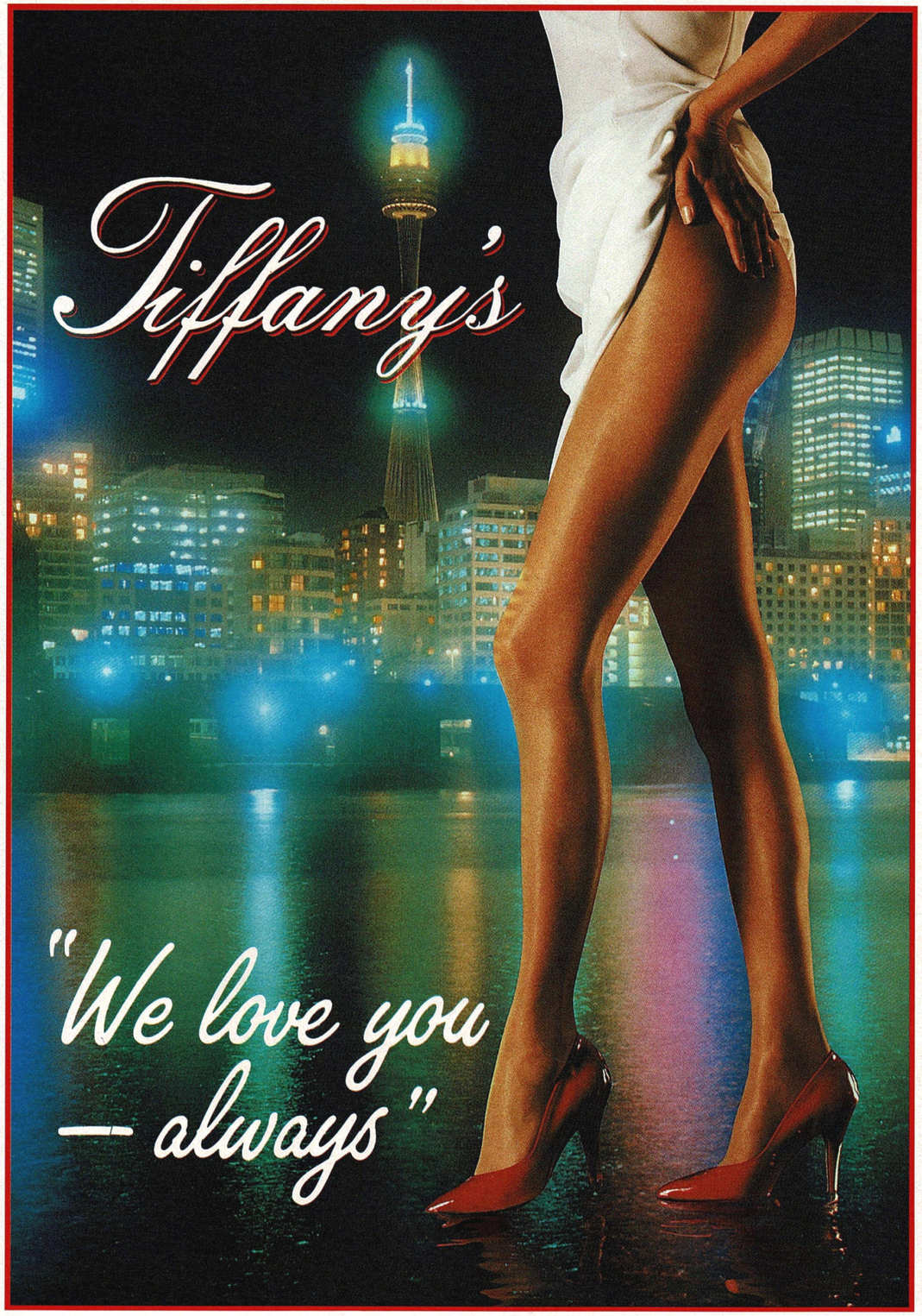
# SPECIAL EXHIBIT

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER**

**"I tell you straight, I enjoy showing my body to anybody who wants to look at it," says 22-year-old Shayna. "I'm an exhibitionist and it excites me. I don't think it's shameful."**

Not surprisingly, Shayna has worked as a stripper, a dancer, and a promotions person. "Doing promotions was the biggest turn-on," she says. "I was paid to walk around a casino in a G-string bikini. The men would just stare at me and I could go as close as I like. You know, actually rub myself against them."

Shayna, an up-front Aries, candidly recounts a special memory. "Once, my boyfriend and I decided we'd make love in public, and you know where we did it? On the deck of his yacht which was moored next to a huge Navy ship. Talk about all hands on deck."

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# what friends are for

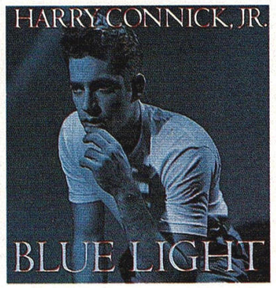
PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

**Asked to house-sit by a successful screenwriter friend, Alex couldn't resist the romantic Malibu view, even though her boyfriend was back East for the week. So she asked Jasmine, her best mate from the studio's secretarial pool, to join her for five days of living the lush Hollywood life most people only dream about.**

A couple of glasses of wine, aided and abetted by the pulsing sound of the breaking waves, got the friends loose enough to let all defences down and get right into some heavy girl talk about their favorite obsession: men. "It's funny," Alex mused, "how guys say they think about sex all the time, but never really seem to know . . ." ". . . how to touch just so in just the right places," Jasmine breathed, softly finishing the thought.

"Oh, *yes!*" Alex's voice cracked, as Jasmine matched her actions to her words. "Let me taste you, please," she whispered. "I've always fantasised about this." Murmuring endearments, sighing "baby" and "sweetheart" only started the excitement all over again. And there were four more nights to come!

# DRAMATIC COOL




**H**arry Connick jnr may have his icons in a past age but his big-band swing singing has struck a chord with many a jaded ear recently. Whereas Natalie Cole championed the songs her father made famous in his jazz style, young Harry stakes his claim to a traditional night-club demeanour on the charts, writing and arranging his own songs. He also grooves on the black-and-whites while his choice of a tight, swinging, brassy ensemble on his latest *Blue Light, Red Light* (Columbia) shows what style is all about. Still in his early twenties and already with several releases under his belt, Connick sports the same classic good looks that the young Frank Sinatra championed. In many ways he's a one-man Fifties revival, but there is nothing particularly cosy or nostalgic about his music. He simmers with dramatic cool.

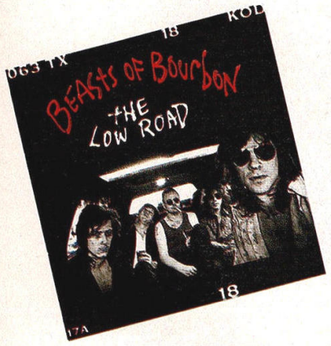
**Kirsty MacColl** has one of those voices that possesses what the polite would call "an effective mid-range." She doesn't attempt canine high notes a la Maria Carey and when she does reach for the top of her register the light, breathy quality just adds to her general deadpan tunefulness. Her latest release sees her as the *Electric Landlady* (Virgin) to a diverse range of musicians. She is a story teller in the folk tradition like sometime collaborators the Pogues (who provide the band for "The One And Only"). There are a few more obvious guitar-strummed odes like "he looked into my eyes . . . said something about football but) He Never Mentioned Love." However, from the rappy street beat and wild guitar of "Walking Down Madison" through the percussion- and brass-fired samba of "My Affair", MacColl uses musicians who range from members of The The and Simple Minds to Latinos of renown to provide a rich and varied backing with her good self as the wry, level constant.

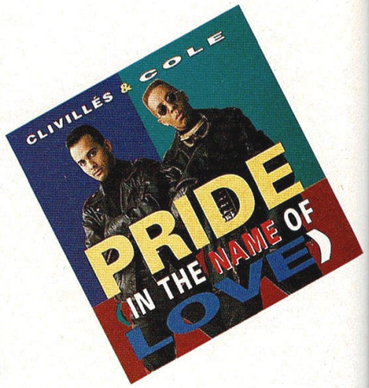
**Andreas Vollenweider** with his electrified harp and band of merry instrumentally like-minded souls makes music that is as soothing and ripplingly relentless as waves on a beach. For his latest *Book Of Roses* (Columbia) there seems to be a steady prevailing offshore breeze as the musical vignettes come thick ("16 episodes/four chapters") and fast. This lion-maned Swiss maestro has scored some private cinematic journey, describing scenes like "The Grand Ball Of The Dujas", Morning At Bomba Park", "The Birds Of Tilmun" and of course the old favorite "Manto's Arrow And The Sphinx."

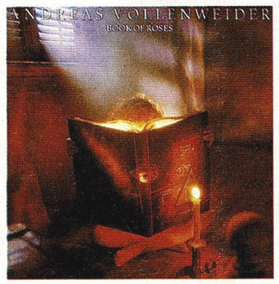
True to the idealistic, if chaotic, spirit of the late Sixties, the Beatles entered into the business world with Apple Corp hoping to establish their own ground rules. Central to their set up was Apple Records, though the Beatles themselves were never directly on the label. EMI have delved into the archives and re-released Mary Hopkin's *Post Card, James Taylor* (before he hit it big with *Sweet Baby James*) and Badfinger's *Magic Christian Music* — a generic Beatles, even being mixed by the Fab Four's road manager. Most are historical curios that dare foolhardy house producers to attempt a funk remake.

On the subject of techno remakes, *de rigeur* for producers (as opposed to songwriters) who put out their own discs, **Clivilles and Cole** (the initials on the Music Factory) are following in the footsteps of the Chimes and the Petshop Boys in having their way with a U2 song, in this case "Pride (In The Name Of Love)." I am pleased to report that despite a sight identity crisis, the song is alive and well.

**Tony Joe White** has presumably been resolutely doing his thing for the best part of 20 years since his "Polk Salad Annie" grooved him to airwaves prominence. Last year his "Steamy Windows" graced Tina Turner's flawed *Simply the Best.* On *Closer To The Truth* (Festival) he's reclaimed the song, changed labels and been taken under the wing of expatriate Roger Davies — also responsible for T.T.'s reinvention. White's vocals, guitar and harmonica are pure swamp while he and the rest of the band deliver the sort of restrained but insistent southern funk that Mark Knopfler would kill for.




There's nothing restrained about those local heavy riff merchants **The Beasts Of Bourbon** who have been resolutely travelling *The Low Road* (Red Eye/Polydor). "One of these days I'm gonna change my evil ways," sings Tex Perkins in one of their two covers — AC/DC's boogie "Ride On". He sounds so forlorn, but by the band's grinning dishevelment in the tour snaps we know he's just crying in his cups. — *Jeremy Cook*

**Clockwise from above: Beasts of Bourbon let rip; Harry Connick Jnr is alive with style; Clivilles & Cole re-do U2; and Andreas Vollenwelder spins soothing vignettes.**



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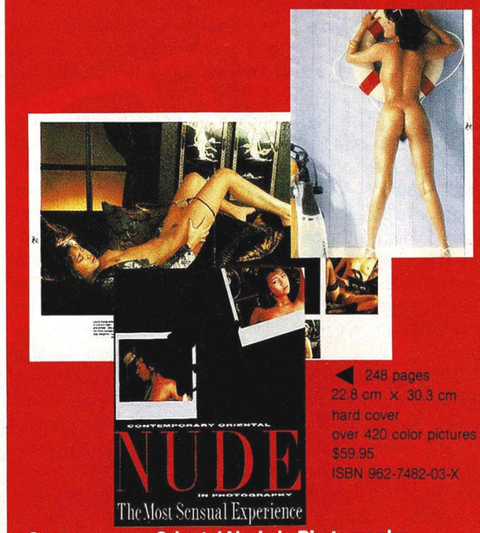

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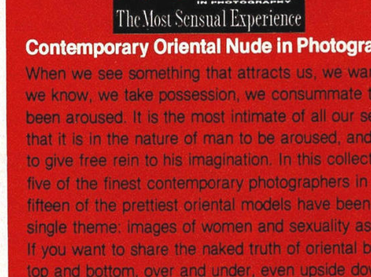


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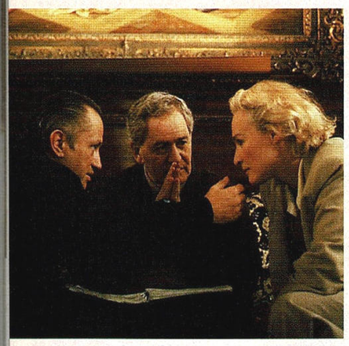
# DIVIDED LOYALTIES

**Below: Glenn Close simmers in *Meeting Venus*; Joe Mantegna plays a hardline cop in *Homicide*; and Dustin Hoffman plays the baddie in Spielberg's overblown epic, *Hook*.**



For a decade or so American playwright and film-maker David Mamet has been winning over the critics and influencing discerning audiences with gems like the plays *Glengarry Glenross* and *Speed The Plow*, both of which have been staged to acclaim in Australia, and the films *House Of Games* and *Things Change*. Mamet's spot-on touch with moody characterisation and lively storytelling responsible for the screenplays of *The Untouchables*, *The Verdict* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.

So, among Mamet fans, plenty of the proverbial eager anticipation surrounded the release of his latest effort **Homicide**, the story of hardline cop Bobby Gold who, against his will, must investigate the killing of an old Jewish pawn shop owner in a black ghetto.

As a Jew in a police force dominated by Italians, Hispanics and blacks, Gold is forever at pains to win acceptance from his colleagues by taking on dangerous tasks. So, when pulled out of a key role in a high-profile drug investigation to take the case of the murdered pawnshop owner, Gold very unwillingly delves into what appears initially to be a simple robbery-murder. When an examination of the dead woman's belongings reveals her past as an Israeli freedom fighter and gunrunner, Gold is seduced down a shadowy and confused path into Zionist terrorism, anti-Semitic subversion and the belated need to recognise his own Jewishness.

As menacing and entrapping in its plot and dark cinematic style as Mamet's *House Of Games*, and as rich in clever playwright dialogue, *Homicide* unfortunately fails to tie up a mop of loose ends. Longtime Mamet friend and collaborator Joe Mantegna is as redolent of nuance as ever in the role of the Jewboy cop who is broken by poor self-worth and divided loyalties. He holds attention and trust throughout a teasing sea of red herrings; his fine, convincing performance rendering the film's conclusion all the more disappointing. *** ½

Talking about sentimentality, a quick scan of the movie listings will reveal there's a new Spielberg film showing now on a big screen near you. It's called **Hook** and it's all about what might have happened if Peter Pan grew up. Kids' stuff to be sure . . . but it stars a few of your favorites: Robin Williams, Dustin Hoffman, Bob Hoskins, Maggie Smith and "Pretty Woman" herself, Julia Roberts.

Mmmm, you might think, "family entertainment" maybe, but so were *Close Encounters, Raiders Of The Lost Ark, ET* and some of those other Spielberg flicks, and you damn well *liked* them. Buggered if you're not still a kid at heart.

Hold it right there. Before the temptation overcomes you to fork out money on a ticket to *Hook*, may I quietly suggest that you take that money down to your video shop and hire all those oldies again. Or buy yourself a couple of drinks. Or put a down payment on a fancy woman. Or some drugs. Whatever you choose, you're going to be a lot happier than if you'd wasted it on this overblown, candy-coated, shallow, embarrassingly overfinanced, overproduced, oversentimental, underplotted, underscripted piece of schmaltz.

Harsh words, but deserved by this truly crummy film. It cost a squillion to make and it may con a squillion out of world-wide audiences, but just as there are no clocks in Never Never Land, *Hook* is similarly devoid of ticker. But don't let me put too fine a point on it. Far be it from me to put too fine a point on a piece of poop. ½ — *C.J. Mackay*

Ambition is a film encompassing the fall of communism, the corruption of capitalism, nationalism, egotism, love, family and the transcendence of art. Set in a European opera company, **Meeting Venus** tries to address all of these, and does justice to none. Not a few scenes feel like hiccups from longer discourses on politics or love. The tirades on labor unions are especially inadequate to their subject; some love scenes histrionic. Yet *Meeting Venus*, written and directed by Istvan Szabo (*Mephisto*), offers some real pleasures, notably the sleek camerawork, amber lighting and heroic score. Glenn Close glows as the soprano fatally attracted to a married conductor, but is awkwardly directed in places. **½ — *Marcia Pally*

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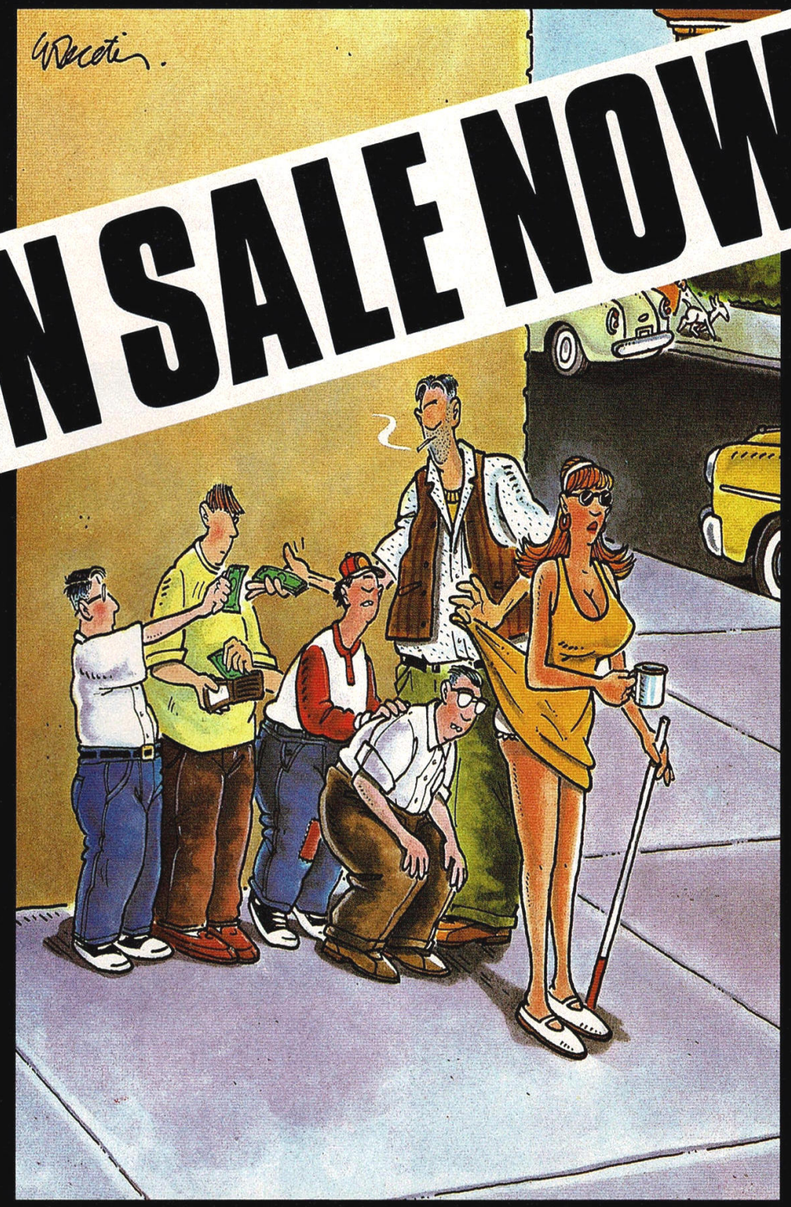

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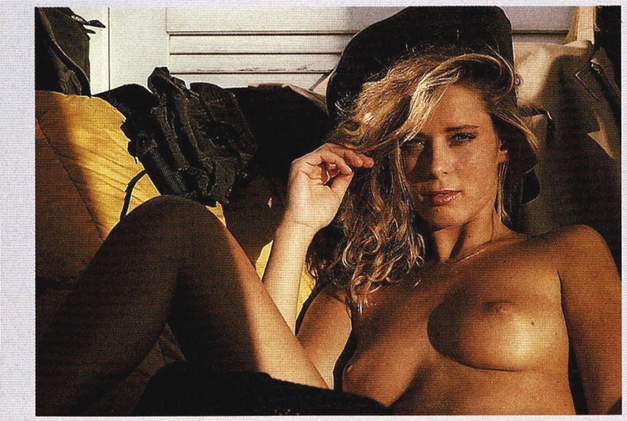

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

**Twenty-one-year-old Sherry is just about to undertake basic training to be a policewoman. "I think I would like to be in the water police, because I've been a swimmer all my life. But I don't think they'll let me." Sherry, 36-24-36, is a supercharged bundle of energy looking for an outlet. "Office jobs bore me, so I reckoned it had to be the army or the police. I think I'm an adrenalin addict."**

In line with her quest for a high-adrenalin occupation, Sherry's pastimes are similarly dangerous. "I've been scuba diving, parachuting, rock climbing and bungee jumping and I loved all of them." Does Sherry like dangerous men as well? "Yes, I like a man who's dangerous, who lives on the edge . . . like policemen."

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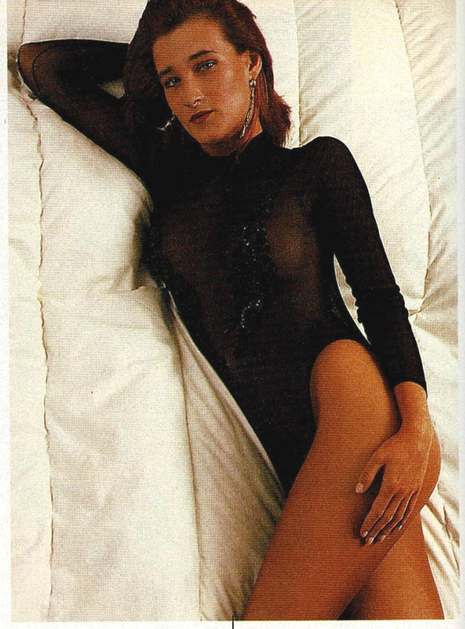

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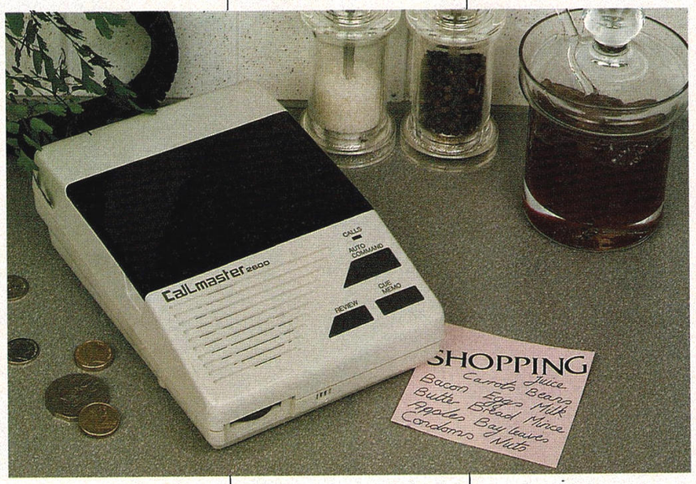


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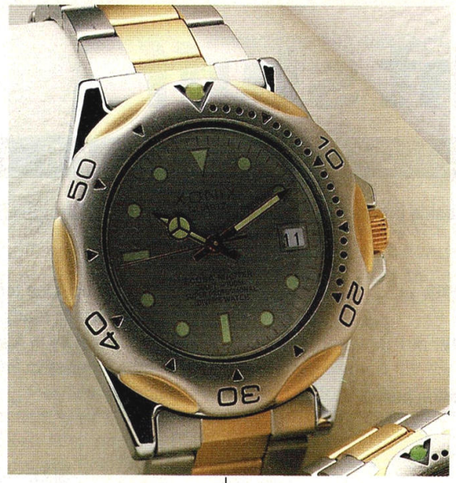

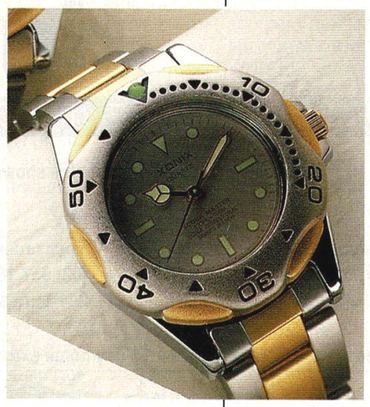

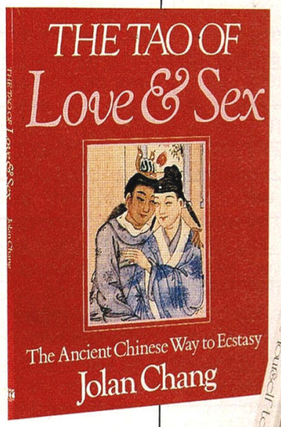


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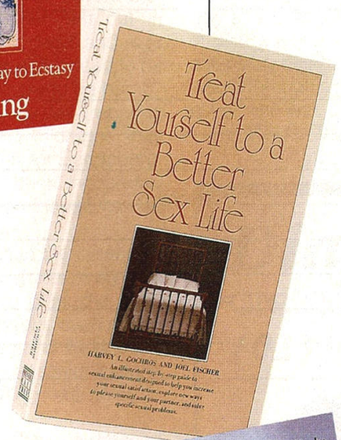


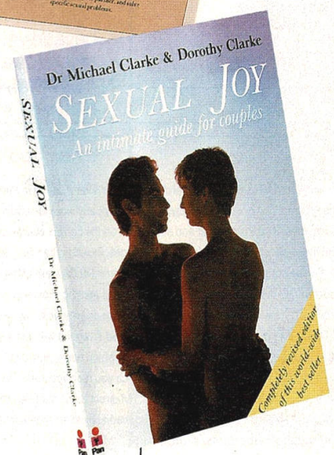


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# HIGH TIDE

*Continued from page 87*

the deck but, he said, he thought it better to keep out of it.

As soon as night fell, the landing operation began. Large inflatable dinghies were piled high with bales, and two rafts, constructed of old timber and fuel drums, were towed ashore.

From what Walsh understood, much of the shore-landed weed was buried in plastic-lined pits up in the sand dunes and later removed using four-wheel drives and small commercial fishing boats.

At the same time, well after dark and one by one, several commercial fishing boats came alongside, loaded what they could and moved off into the night.

Throughout the night the "party", which was a cover for the operation, served to scare away unwanted campers.

Well before daylight the *Golden Eagle* was relieved of her cargo. The crew busily cleaned and swabbed the interior with spirits. "It dissolves any cannabis residue," Walsh pointed out. "Then you use the pumps to hose the interior with water, filling the boat as much as you dare, then pump her out. You do that three times and then hoist wind catchers over the hatches to dry her out. We also replaced the settee cushion covers with new ones that had been left out in someone's back yard to fade and look old, and everything that didn't need to be on board was taken ashore to be burnt."

The crew spent the entire day preparing the boat. Then, around midnight, they weighed anchor and left for Bundaberg. Walsh did his best to drink moderately and stay in control, even though he was "nervous as hell."

"I don't know why I had the creeps so bad. The dope was all gone, everything had gone according to plan, the crew was in a good mood. Bobby even pulled out some Valiums he said he'd been saving for our arrival. I just couldn't shake the feeling that something was going to go wrong."

On the way across the bay they heaved what remained of the good equipment overboard; the exhaust system, which had been replaced with an old one held together with string, epoxy and tin cans; the VHF radio, which was replaced with a unserviceable model taken out of a rubbish bin; and even a few of the winches were replaced with older ones with frozen, worn-out bearings.

By the time the *Golden Eagle* arrived in Bundaberg she was limping along, a perfect illusion of an ill-tended yacht unprepared to continue a voyage.

Walsh said that even with 20mg of Valium in his system and Bobby's assurances that "everything's taken care of" he was shaking when, during the arrival formalities, they were boarded by agriculture, health, immigration and customs officials. But he need not have worried.

"There were one or two comments that we must have been well paid to try to sail all that distance non-stop, and why didn't we take a rest in Darwin or Cairns, and we were searched pretty good, but it was all mellow. Maybe because I was tranquillised, maybe because no-one really gave a shit. Maybe for other reasons, I don't know.

"What I do know is that it was obvious that the crew wanted off ASAP, and they were allowed to leave right away. My story was that I was staying with the boat to get in touch with the owner to figure out the next move, but that I was quitting too, that I had enough. Maybe it was the way the other guys acted towards me, maybe it was the way I looked, but I think the officials had some kind of sympathy.

"I was burnt out, but I also knew that I now had more money in one piece than I'd ever had in my life coming to me, so there was some hiding of elation."

Walsh left the boat two days later and never saw any of the crew, except Bobby, again.

The owner-in-name of the *Golden Eagle* in the US, a flunkey who was paid solely for the use of his name, transferred title to another person, the boat was resold to a pre-arranged party in Australia (which is why an Australian-built boat was bought in Singapore, even though it was ostensibly being taken to the US) and was resold through a magazine to a legitimate buyer who was unaware of her past.

The *Golden Eagle* not only did her job, she was sold at a profit.

Walsh met another "project manager" in Sydney. He was paid, but was admonished for his drinking, poor seamanship and bad management skills with people. Then he went on a one-month Australian holiday.

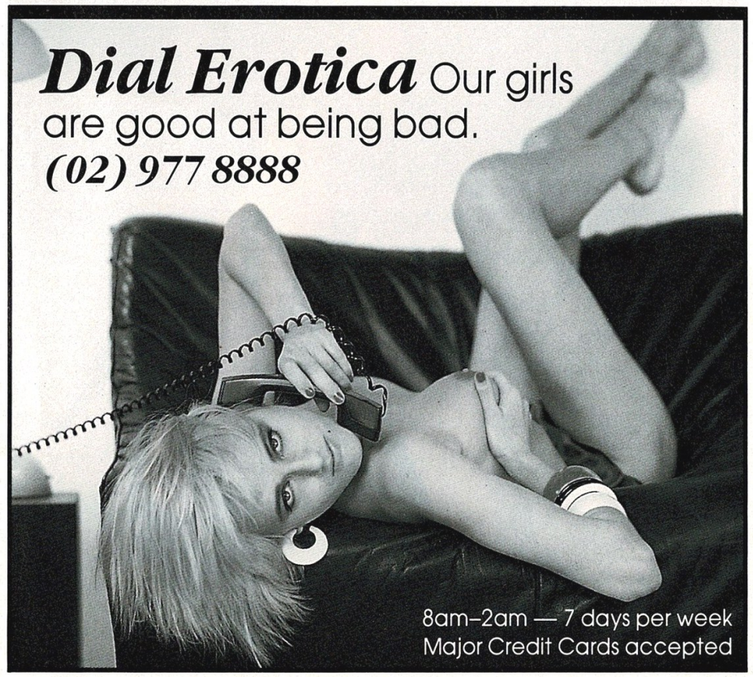
"Me and Bobby rented a Citroen, bought a bunch of coke and he showed me Australia in his kind of style — a bottle of Johnny Walker Black under the seat and more bought pussy than I ever thought I'd see in my life. Considering how badly things went on the boat, I didn't think he'd want anything to do with me once we got ashore. It turns out that he was getting me ready for the next trip."

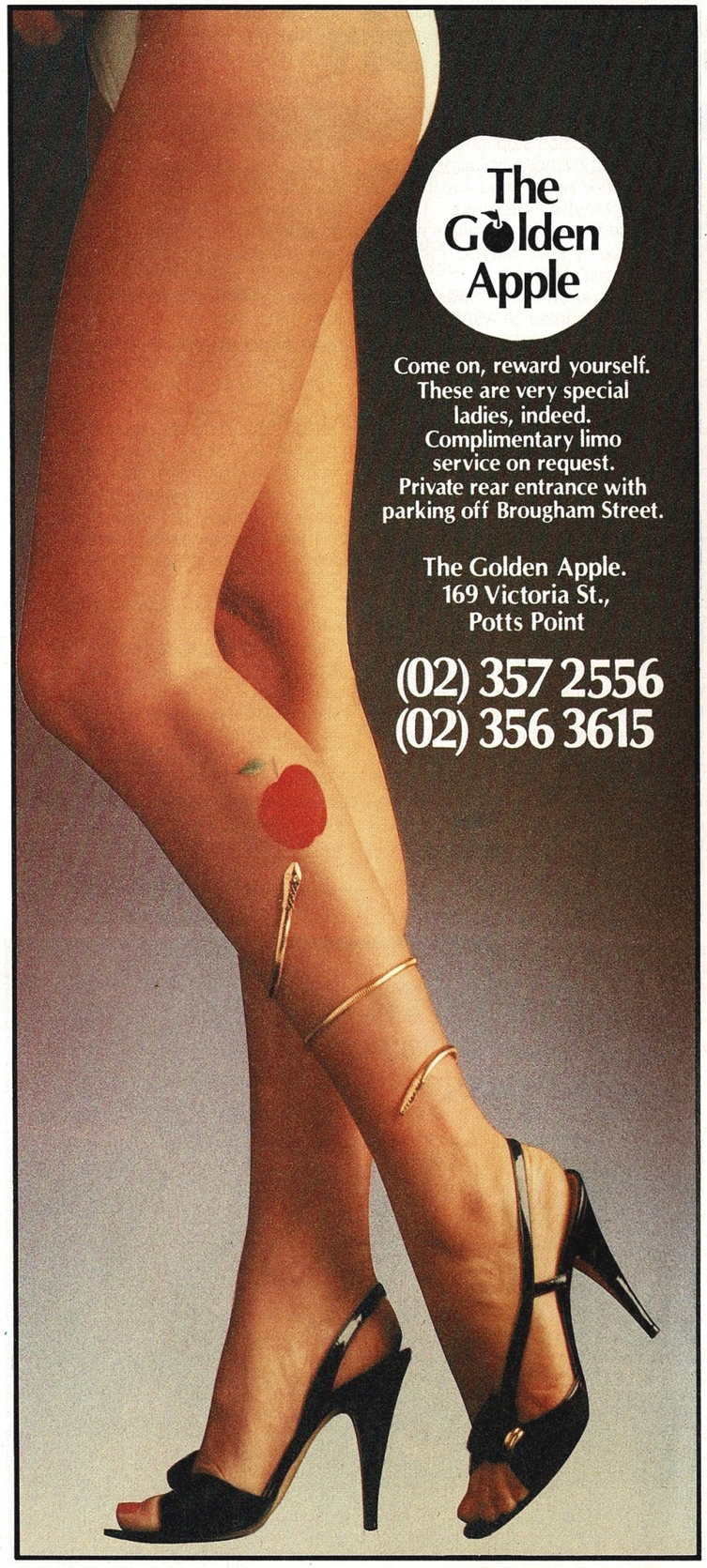
That trip involved another yacht bought in Singapore and again, offloaded at Fraser. This time the route was north through the South China Sea, down around the Philippines, across the top of PNG to the Solomons and directly to the same anchorage at Platypus Bay. And this time the cargo was heroin, welded into a longitudinal support beam on the boat.

The cover was five guys buying a boat and simply cruising it through exotic islands in the Celebes Sea and Bismark Archipelago and Solomons and then sailing back to the US by way of the Marshall Islands and Hawaii to California, as an adventure.

Since the boat was bound for the US, customs searches in the interim ports would be slack, the reasoning being that the US had the tightest controls in the world and no-one was smuggling dope

*Continued on page 128*

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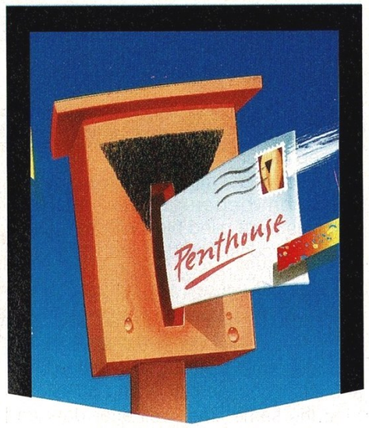


# forum

*Continued from page 8*

You slowly slip yourself in. It feels so good, so perfect. I wrap my feet around your back until you are deep inside me. We roll over on our sides and you begin to pump faster and faster. I fight off the point of climax. I beg you to come into my fiery insides. Finally, I feel your hot seed shooting inside me as I climax in a long undulating wave.

This my darling, is what we shall do when I see you again. You know who you are. — *Name and address withheld*

**Triple treat**

My girlfriend and I were invited to our friends' wedding a few months ago. Kath is an extremely attractive girl, being about 5'3" and superbly proportioned. She draws comment wherever she goes. The wedding was held at 3pm and the reception was held at an inner-city hotel. We started drinking in the usual manner for weddings — fairly generously.

Kath was wearing a short dress which hugged her body. It was made of an open, knitted fabric which was almost see-through. We met another couple there, Diane and John, and got on well with them. They were a similar age and reasonably attractive.

After dinner had been and gone and the speeches were out of the way we danced and continued on with the merriment. We were all quite drunk by this stage and had definitely lost a lot of our inhibitions. Kath and Diane started dancing together, but as they continued Kath started using her body as few other women can. She was using such sensual body language that everybody was watching her dance, and more specifically Diane, who was responding accordingly. It was painfully obvious to all that Kath was going to be involved in some sex that night.

The wedding ended and Diane and John invited us back to their flat to stay the night. When we arrived Diane suggested we all have a bath together. By this stage we were all as keen as mustard. Diane's flat had a huge bath which we promptly filled and jumped into. Kath and I were at one end playing with each other. It was obvious John wanted to fuck Kath (what man wouldn't) and so he invited her to hop out so he could give her a massage on the kitchen table. This left Diane and me in the bath, where we began playing with each other.

I started by licking her tits and then began moving my hand up her inner thighs and generally fondling. I was starting to get a little jealous of Kath outside, not knowing what she was up to. The others returned to the bathroom, and wanted to get back in, but the water was cold by this stage so we all dried off and drifted off to bed. Diane showed us to our room, where Kath immediately fell into bed. It had been a long day.

I went to the toilet for a piss before retiring and while pissing I left the door open. Diane came in and said that she wanted to have some sex with Kath and I, adding that she would be down in 15 minutes. I went back to bed and told Kath the good news. She was very excited at the prospect, and we both waited in anticipation.

Our room was very dark, so we only heard Diane come in. She fell on to the bed and started kissing me while Kath embraced her body. We rolled around the bed in a variety of positions. This was the first threesome that Kath and I had been involved in, but it had been inevitable, given the day's lead-up.

Soon I was rolled on to my back by the girls, who both slid down the bed and began sucking my cock. They alternatively smothered my cock and licked my balls and my inner thighs. Kath also worked her way down and spread my arse cheeks, where she started stroking the crack of my arse. She then returned to my cock, licking my pole and covering it with saliva. Diane changed places and proceeded to tickle my arsehole with her tongue. She gently circled the sensitive skin.

The sensation was unbelievable — one gorgeous woman licking my arsehole and one going to town on my cock. The room was totally dark and all of this was going on by feel, along with some most interesting sound effects. Despite being profoundly aroused, I didn't come.

The girls broke their hold and started passionately kissing and delving their fingers into each other's cunts. I went down the bed to kiss as many holes as I could find. I started by licking Diane's arse and followed it along until I got to her velvet sheath. I thrust my tongue in and around her beautiful hole. I then licked my way further around her crotch until my tongue met her cunt lips and some soft pubic hair. I wriggled my tongue in to find her love button, and was rewarded with a low groan when I did.

Kath's hand was at Diane's pussy and she had three fingers thrusting deeply in and out. There was pussy juice everywhere — even smeared on her thighs. The smell of her secretions was strong and delicious.

I started licking the back of Kath's hand as she slid it in and out and stared to compete with her hand to get my tongue into Dianne's cunt. Kath withdrew her hand and offered me her soaked fingers to lick clean. Then she got back to finger-fucking Diane.

The girls were writhing with pleasure. Kath turned around and started licking Diane, starting at her tits and moving down her stomach to her pubic hair. As they settled into a classic 69, Kath began violently tongue-fucking Diane. I was kissing Kath's back and neck. Diane, at the other end of the bed, was giving Kath's cunt, and especially her clit, a real workover. Kath was getting close to orgasm and as she approached her threshold, I encouraged her, giving her all my possible attention to her neck, ears and tits. Soon Kath started screaming, a sign of her approaching orgasm, the kind I have heard many times before. Kath's whole body shook and she howled with delight.

After her orgasm she collapsed on top of Diane's body, and relaxed completely.


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# forum

I returned to the top end of the bed, where Diane's face and Kath's cunt were located. Kath regained her composure and turned around, saying that it was the most exciting orgasm she had ever had. Diane then sat up with her back against the wall. Kath wanted to reciprocate for her orgasm, so she began sensuously embracing Diane, giving her another long, wet kiss. Kath by this stage was facing Diane with her legs apart and kneeling over her body. I was right there, nosing Kath's unbelievably wet cunt and licking her entire arse region.

Kath progressed down Diane's body, almost consuming her large tits. Diane was moaning loudly and writhing with pleasure. Kath got to Diane's cunt and began to work on it, dipping her tongue in and out. Every so often she would lift her head and give Diane's clit a slow sucking, which made Diane cry out and buck her hips.

I positioned myself behind Kath and thrust my cock into her dripping wet cunt. My cock was at it's largest and I was dying to enter a cunt by this stage. I began thrusting into Kath, and this caused Kath's tongue to develop a motion on Diane's cunt and clit. This fucking continued and, as Diane's moans of an approaching orgasm increased, so did the speed of my thrusts into Kath. I was ready to explode into her cunt but was trying to hold off until Diane climaxed. Diane soon did, and this was my cue to let my cock explode into Kath. We all collapsed after this incredible fuck, even though Kath did not orgasm this time.

We all fell asleep in each other's arms, a sea of bodies, arms and legs. The alcohol and the long day had taken their toll. Early the next morning, we gradually awoke. The sun was just lighting the sky, I suppose about 5am.

The first thing that happened was that Kath leaned over to me and gave me a long, passionate kiss. I could sense her saying, with body language: "Thank you for being part of this great night, I love you." Then she rolled over to Diane and also gave her a long kiss. She nibbled on Diane's ears and neck. Diane looked at Kath and said something that really shocked me. She said that the only thing she missed about last night was that she didn't get to taste my come.

Kath laughed and said that could easily be fixed. The two of them would give me a head job. But Diane said she wanted to lick Kath out first. I was wild with excitement at this prospect. Diane slid down the bed as Kath positioned herself over Diane's mouth. Diane started by tickling Kath's clit, moving to her cunt and back, eagerly sucking. I was stroking my cock while watching this scene. Having light and being able to see everything brightly added a new dimension to this sex. Diane then withdrew from and pulled Kath down to kiss her once more. Kath commented on how beautiful my cock looked. Diane suggested that they both lie down on the bed on their backs and for me to stand over the top of them and masturbate until I came.

I couldn't begin quickly enough. I grabbed my cock firmly and started to pump madly. Both girls were arm-in-arm and fingering themselves while looking at me. I could feel my come building up inside me and soon I was about to shoot my load. I told them I was about to come and they watched intently as I pumped. Then I started to spray out my come. The first squirt went over Diane's face. The next went over Kath's tits and shoulders.

The girls rolled into each other, kissing wildly. I collapsed next to them. Diane then kissed us both and left, saying she had better return to John. — *Name and address withheld*


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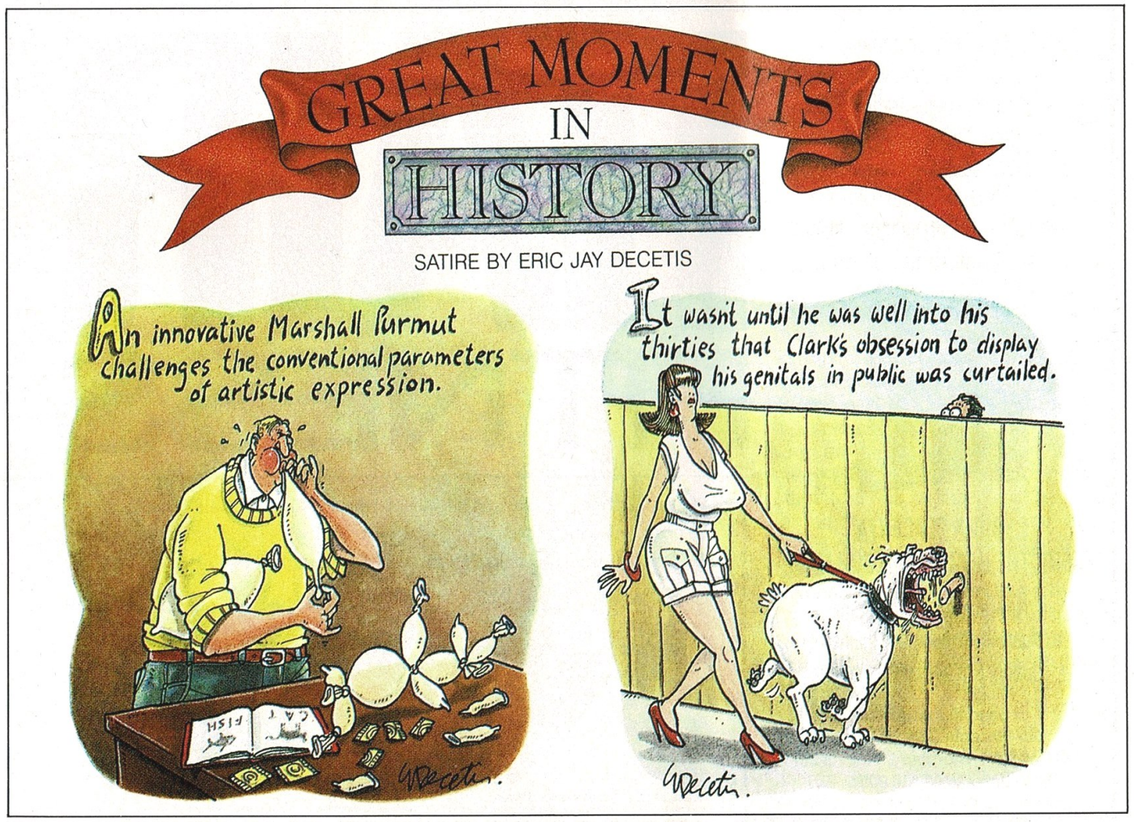
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BLACK LABEL EDITION

# forum

**Hold me tight**

Before my retirement I had spent nearly 28 years as a farm machinery salesman throughout the Darling Downs area of Queensland. Never being one to pass up the opportunity of a quick fuck, I had come into contact with many different types of women — both on the farm and in hotels. But this one takes the cake.

This story starts in a Darling Downs town in November, 1973. Being hot weather, my co-salesman and I decided to call it a day and return to our motel for a counter lunch and a few cold beers. In the lounge there was a young woman in her mid-20s sipping on a long, cool drink. Her legs were crossed, but the short dress she was wearing showed quite a bit of leg. My friend, quick on the uptake, made contact and invited her to our room for a few drinks.

The woman, whose name was Mary, was soon on the bed with my friend. Oblivious to my presence, they fucked madly. His 16cm cock was buried up to the hilt and she was bucking wildly. She motioned for me to come over, but when I released my 20cm cock she changed her mind, saying it was too big and besides, she had to go. Before leaving, though, she knelt in front of my cock and kissed it, fondled it and stroked it until it was solid. Then she took our phone number and left.

Every week thereafter, she visited my friend and they fucked madly. I was beginning to wish I had a smaller cock when the story took a change for the better.

Early in December I was alone in the room when Mary phoned and asked for my friend. I explained the situation and, to my surprise, she asked if I'd like to come around to her place. I was on my way out of the door before she had hung up.

Upon arriving I found the door open, so I went in and sat down. Mary walked into the lounge, sat on the chair opposite me and spread her legs. Lo and behold, staring me right in the face was a wet, rosy-pink cunt.

"You're a fast worker," I said.

"You're pretty slick yourself," she answered, moving over to kneel between my legs.

She released my hard-on from my pants and placed the head in her warm mouth. She sucked hard and long — she almost made me come.

She stood up and guided me into the bedroom. I sat and watched her get undressed. She had the most delightful smooth skin I had ever seen. The size of my penis seemed to frighten her, so I promised that I would only insert what she could handle.

After driving her wild with my tongue I placed the swollen head of my penis at the entrance of her tight cunt, which instantly began to contract around it. Her contractions lasted two or three seconds each and they felt beautiful around the head of my cock. I realised that as each contraction ceased I could ease a little more of my cock into her tight pussy. When my cock was half-engulfed by her tight pussy, I withdrew it completely.

Mary began begging me to fuck her: "Fuck me, you bastard. Fuck me! I want to feel that huge pole in my tight pussy. Come on, put it in. Fuck me," she kept chanting. Bugger it, I thought, I'm going to give her the lot. I whispered to her to raise her hips. Then, as one of her contractions finished, I plunged my cock deep into the depths of her cunt. I felt my balls slam tight against her arse.

Mary's cunt clenched so tight I thought she'd cut my cock in two. Her eyes widened with surprise. She took a short breath and screamed as orgasms swept over her. As I pulled back, her cunt would clench tightly on my weapon. Then it would relax and I would ram it back in. Muscular spasms seemed to contort her whole body.

On the sixth stroke I came violently as the entrance of her vagina closed tightly and the inner walls of her cunt took on a quick sucking motion. Totally fucked, I tried to withdraw, but Mary wrapped her legs around me. Her cunt became tighter, then slowly died away. But it was perhaps 20 minutes before her cunt relaxed enough for me to pull out.

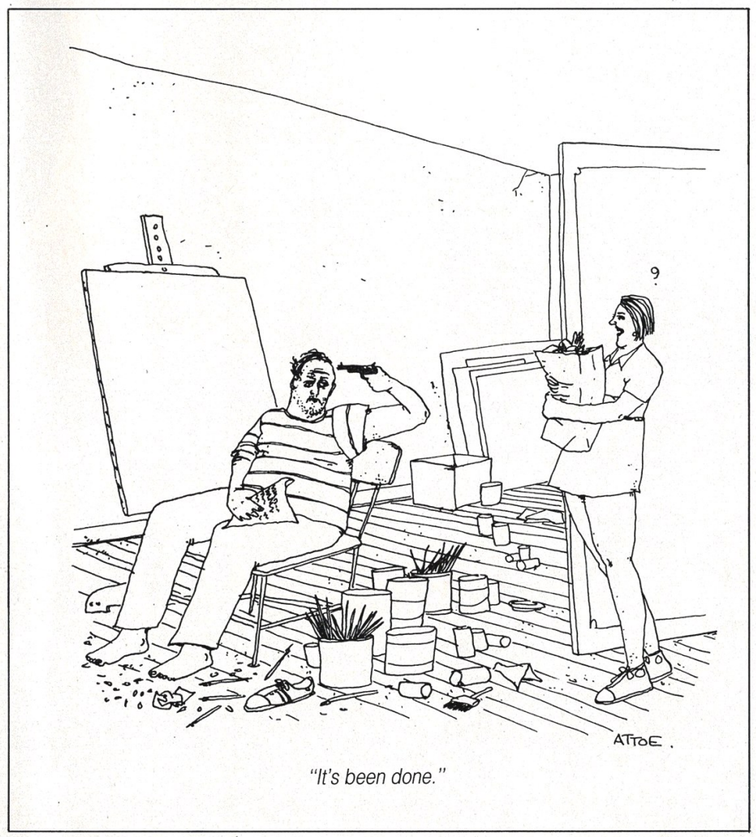
Mary came to my room the next three nights running, where I fucked her with much the same results.

Both my co-worker and I agreed she was the greatest woman we have ever had. I haven't seen her since then, although I did return to that town in the hope of renewing our affair. After a few discreet inquires, however, I found out she had children, was married, and was supposed to be a devout Christian. Who would have thought it, hey? — *Name and address withheld*

**Just desserts**

I have had an arrangement with Betty and her husband Bob for over a year now. Sometimes when we get together we indulge in a threesome. Sometimes things go off, and sometimes they don't.

Anyway, on this Thursday night we had

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all been out for a couple of drinks and had arrived back at my place. Pretty soon we all ended up in my bed. After mucking around, Bob mounted Betty and began to fuck her madly. I climbed up and lowered my wet pussy on to Betty's face. Bob gave up on Betty and ordered me on to my hands and knees. Bob placed the head of his cock against my now-more-than-willing pussy and was just about to give me the fucking of a lifetime when the hallway phone rang. I quickly dragged myself out of bed and threw on my dressing gown.

Begrudgingly, I told some market research person which brand of soap I preferred, then slammed the receiver down. As I came around the corner I saw Betty and Bob coming up the hallway saying they had to go home.

After they had left, I was left feeling so horny, so wet and so aroused that I got my vibrator out and gave my pussy a good work-out. But it just wasn't the same.

The next day I told Betty how disappointed I was. She said it was Bob who had wanted to go home and that she would have been quite happy to stay and fuck. We began to plot a way to get Bob back into bed. Betty and I often spend hours during the day talking dirty and we usually both end up very horny. This day was better because we knew what was going to eventuate that night.

We all had dinner together, watched a movie and then Bob decided to go to bed. With lots of quiet giggles and a basket of goodies, we followed Bob upstairs.

I immediately went down on him, which I really enjoy, and Betty squatted on his face — all perfectly "normal." I waited for Betty's signal. Then, as Bob's eyes were tightly shut in sublime pleasure and his cock ensconced in my mouth, she gave the signal. Quickly, we lashed Bob's hands to the top of the bed and his feet to the base.

Betty told him this was to get him back for what he did — or didn't do — to me the previous night. He had a big smile on his face, obviously enjoying every minute.

First we ran our fingers all over his body, making sure we stayed away from his erect dick. Then I reached for the Irish Cream and we dribbled it over his nipples and the top of his legs. We sucked and licked it off, being very careful where we were touching. Betty produced some ice and mischievously rubbed it across Bob's stiff body. He was moaning and groaning, complaining that the ice was so very cold. Betty and I took our time with our "torture", as we had planned.

Next Betty took a can of whipped cream and squirted dabs of it all over Bob's engorged member. As we agreed, we took it in turns licking the cream off, trying our hardest not to actually touch his hot cock. Every now and then Betty had to remind me to back off. I was so turned on.

Anyway, making him wait until Betty and I had licked all the cream off was the most amazing feeling. Just knowing that all he wanted to do was plunge his cock into our moist wet mouths made my juices start to flow.

I couldn't wait any longer — I had to have that cock in my mouth. I greedily swallowed the whole thing, all the way down to the pubic hair. Bob's body arched wildly and I felt come running down the back of my throat. Betty reprimanded me and demanded I trade places with Bob as penance for breaking the rules. Naturally Bob agreed.

I was tied face down, legs wide apart and a pillow placed under my dripping pussy. In hushed whispers and out of sight, Bob and Betty discussed what they should do with me. I couldn't wait. I felt Bob climb on to the bed and apply the whipped cream to my pussy and arse. Betty leant up against the bed head and presented her pussy to my mouth. I started to lick for all my life was worth. I felt Bob ease his prick into my pussy and was enjoying my punishment very much when I felt another object start to penetrate my arse. I couldn't turn around because Betty had her cunt firmly pressed against my face.

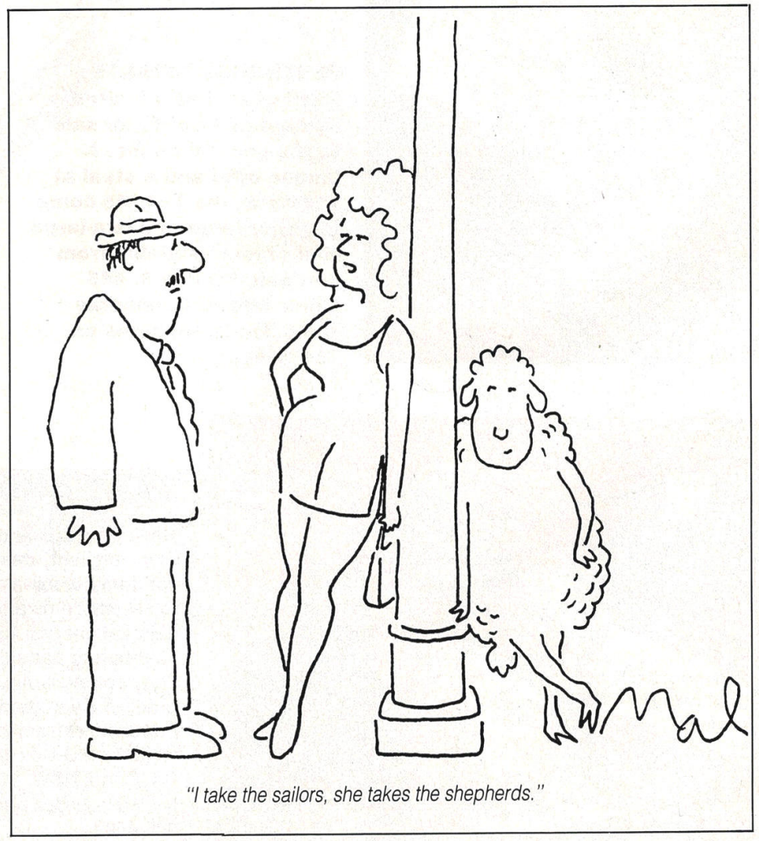
Inch by inch, the intruder worked its way into my derriere. After it was fully in, Bob turned the little fella on.

The feeling was incredible. My cunt was full of big hot, pumping cock, my tongue was deep inside a pussy and a vibrator was purring away up my tight arse. I started to buck and bounce and then came in a overwhelming wave of pleasure.

As I came I felt Bob speed up and start fucking me frantically. Another orgasm rocked my body when I felt him shoot me full of his hot sperm.

Betty's eyes were wide open watching Bob's hard prick piston in and out of my dripping cunt. Then, as Bob shot the last of his spunk, Betty's cunt contracted around my tongue. The three of us collapsed in a sweaty heap on the bed.

That night we all slept together. Early the next morning when I was awoken by a hard prick pushing its way into my pussy. As Bob smeared whipped cream over my arsehole, he whispered: "Now you'll get your just desserts." — *Scorpio, address withheld*



*"I take the sailors, she takes the shepherds."*

# loose ends

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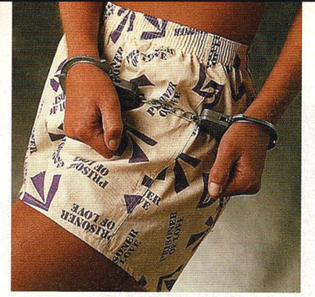
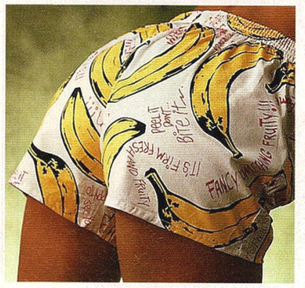
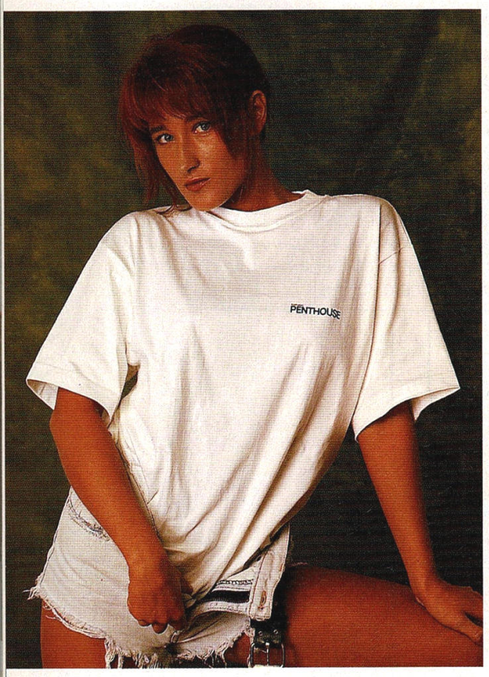
**The "Tyrolia by Head" collection is this year's hot gear for the snow. Competitively priced, Tyrolia has been specifically designed for the young, radical snow-goer. The RRP is $289 for the parka and $169 for the pants. Available from all good skiing outlets.**





**LIGHT-FOOTED BOXER**
**Boxer shorts are rapidly becoming more popular than conventional undies — mainly because they're more comfortable. They can also be fun — a new range from Funtastique features numbers such as the "Phantom" and the "Prisoner of Love" (which comes complete with handcuffs). They cost $19.95 and $24.95 respectively and are available from Funtastique stores, as well as Myer and Bradmans.**




**PENTHOUSE T-SHIRTS**
**Penthouse has a limited number of T-shirts for sale to the general public. A unique offer and a steal at $15 each, the T-shirts come in either large or extra-large. Mail orders available from Jordash, PO Box 8, 445 Miller Street, Cammeray 2062. Trade enquiries on 954 1161.**

**TO CATCH DINNER**
**Spear-fishing is exciting, challenging and you can get fit while catching your dinner. Undersee spear guns — Australian designed and made — are renowned for their accuracy and durability. Each gun is largely handmade in the traditional way, ensuring a high-quality finish. Prices start from around $80. They are available from good dive shops, or for stockist information, phone Land & Sea Sports on (02) 997 2288.**

## SEXY AND SAFE

**Made from silk and lace, these stylishly designed condom holders can hold up to six condoms and are discreet enough to grace any handbag or bedside drawer. They are available by mail order in a variety of colors. Prices start from about $13. Write to: PO Box 199, Bondi Rd, Bondi NSW, 2026. For trade enquiries phone (02) 365-4092.**

**AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .**
**The winner of our Achille Lauro Cruise competition was D.J. Malikoff of Port Macquarie, NSW. The winners of the Manz Fragrance packs (December '91) were: T. Robards, Wingham, NSW; P. Flentjar, Wangaratta, Vic; D. Cox, Rose Park, SA; D. Bishop, Lesmurdie, WA; J. Razzano, Trinity Gardens, SA; S. O'Keefe, Janali, NSW; R. Lloyd, Spearwood, WA; D. Bido, Yass, NSW; K. Blair, Tully, Qld; Z. Juren, St Albanas, Vic; K. Taylor, Mount Morgans, Qld; S. McIntosh, Gympie, Qld; G. Rogers, Springwood, Qld; R. Daralus, Yagoona, NSW; E. Hourigan, Riverwood, NSW; B. Erieton, Caloundra, Qld; M. Jekabsons, Shepparton, Vic; K. Folpp, Wallsend, NSW; I. Liddell, Waratah, NSW; A. Studholme, Gilgandra, NSW.**

**BABY PORSCHE**
**Porsche has made the pleasure of owning a Porsche available to just about everyone. These factory-approved, 1.43 scale models are available in the lastest fashion colors and are priced around $40. Ironically, Porsche's most exclusive and expensive lifesize model — the all-wheel-drive, twin-turbo 959 — is the cheapest model at only $26.38. For more info phone (03) 428 0911.**

Queensland's Madonna de Winter

## INSIDE JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

**LA War** — June *Australian Penthouse* takes a ride with the Los Angeles Police Department through the ghettos of south LA. The cops will tell you that this area, destroyed by poverty, drug abuse and gun-related violence, is a war zone. The shocking photographs accompanying this story confirm their point of view.

**Gold Smuggling** — It's common knowledge throughout Asia that the packpacker can make a few extra bucks carrying contraband. But trying to outwit some Asian countries' customs departments can be a hazardous activity with serious consequences. Paul was a stony-broke traveller who made a few hundred thousand dollars smuggling gold. But then he lost it all. Read this remarkable story in next month's special Pet Of The Year edition.

**Nightlife** — Experience Melbourne by night in the second instalment of *Penthouse's* nightlife series. Meet the yuppies from Hell at Redheads; the twee, the obscure and the quasi-intellectual with Peta and Kim as they go looking for love in all the night places in June *Australian Penthouse.*

**Pet Of The Month** — 21-year-old secretary Madonna de Winter is a Gold Coast girl with a wide range of talents. An ardent beach-goer, she loves living on the southern Queensland coast. Check Madonna's form in June *Australian Penthouse.*

# HIGH TIDE

*Continued from page 119*

into places like the Philippines.

Except that, in actuality, the new boat, *Island Girl,* was not actually bound for the US. She was going to show up in Bundaberg with, who would expect, crew and gear problems.

Walsh was, unbelievably, the skipper, but he recruited the crew this time. He had a mate of his take the title of captain to draw attention away from his previous run. They obtained legitimate permits to cruise the Solomons and from there were officially bound for the Marshall Islands and on to Hawaii and California. Five adventurous young men sailing back home.

Asked if there were indeed crew problems this time around, Walsh looked rueful and said: "People turn into arseholes on boats."

He added that he had also had trouble with the smuggling organisation about the way he had handled the crew, his drinking and other problems and, after an argument, wound up with ownership of the boat and half the money he had expected to be paid.

"So suddenly I own a drug boat and have half the money I thought I had coming. But what could I do?"

He rang his wife in Seattle and told her that they were finally going to take their dream cruise in the South Pacific. She flew to Brisbane and they provisioned the boat for a two-year voyage to the US.

When we met Walsh in one of the South Pacific island yacht clubs, his wife had left the boat to return to the US and a divorce was imminent. On discovering that we were working on a story for a magazine, Walsh asked: "You want a real scoop? You want to know how easy it is to get dope into Australia? You wanna know the most corrupt goddamn place in the world?" He proceeded to tell us, carrying on through the course of that night and the next, becoming more specific with each drink.

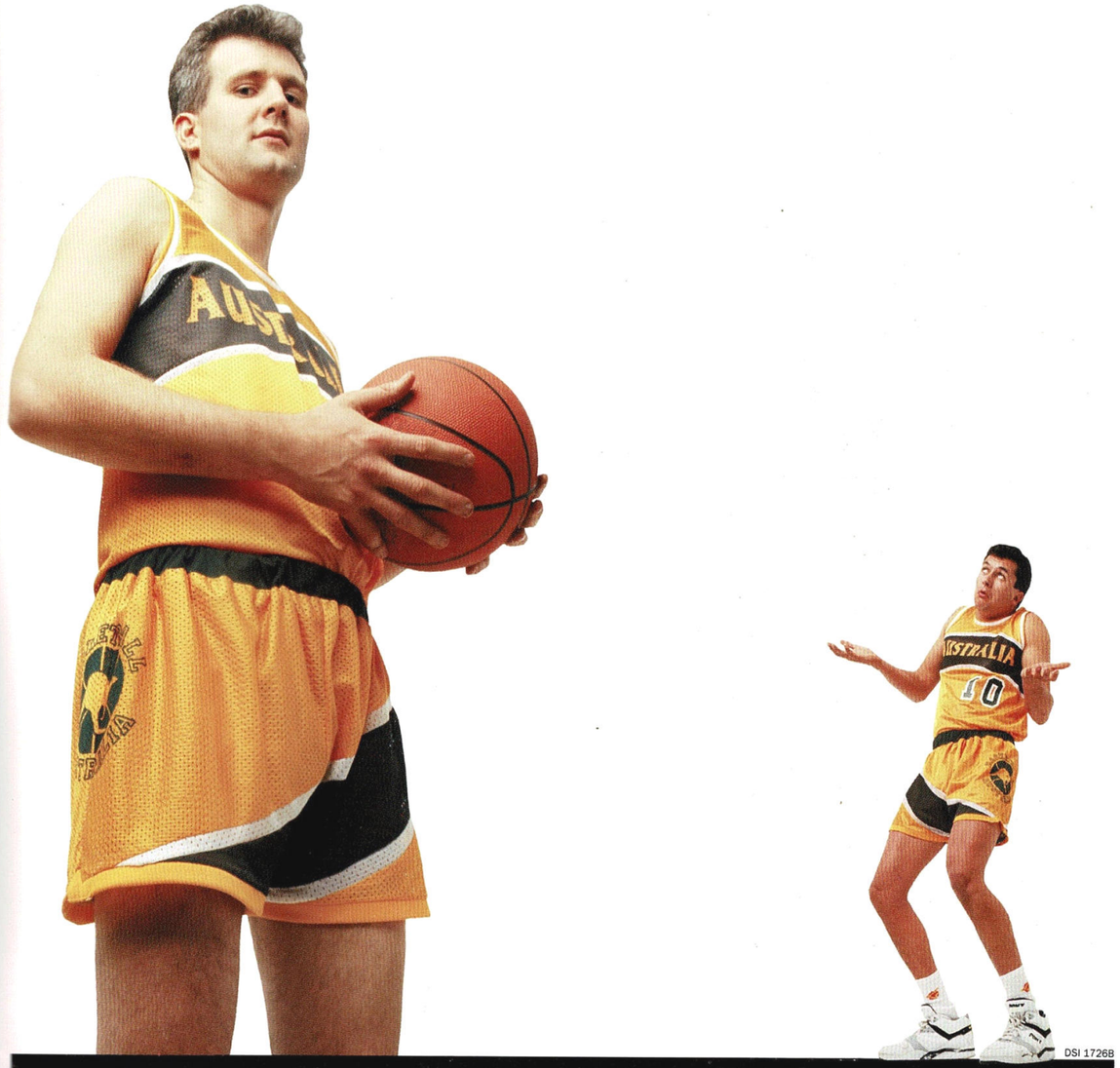
Some days later, Walsh asked for the story to be killed. But after a lengthy conversation he eventually said: "Fuck 'em." Then he disappeared.

But the point that he made, time and time again, was that he was just one of dozens of "captains" working for the same company whose assets and far-flung influence guaranteed immunity in several parts of the world.

"When people want something, the people who make it hard to get are in a pretty good position to help themselves out. But you guys think it only goes on in these little countries, you don't want to know about your own people. Ah, fuck," Walsh said, waving his hand in contempt and reaching for the bottle of rum.

"If you drink too much you don't look clever, you just look small."

ANDREW GAZE

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